TOXIC HORROR

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#2

JASON'S LATEST KILL LIST

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Preview!
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15 years of guts & yuks!

TOXIC

HORROR

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Doesn't mind the maggots!

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THE TOXIC CODE: MIDNITE MADNESS FOR MODERN MUTANTS

We like guts. Guts is good. We like entrails, an exposed spleen now and again. We like everything gross and we like monsters.

We believe th[illegible] staged and filmed [illegible] violent acts provide a healthy [illegible] with [illegible] all [illegible] they [illegible].

We like Freddy, Jason and Michael [illegible] we wish they were [illegible] better pictures. We like Leatherface and the Toxic Avenger (with whom we [illegible] affiliated).

We like philoprogenitive [illegible] with those physically impossible [illegible] shapes [illegible] stuffed into [illegible] Mamie Van Doren.

We like [illegible] comes [illegible] and [illegible] we like [illegible] everything [illegible] has done.

We like movies that don't pull punches [illegible] out when [illegible] comes time for the kicks. We [illegible] everything abrasive [illegible] any cinematic [illegible]

[illegible] We [illegible] laughs.

[illegible] a healthy background [illegible] real [illegible] will be necessary. Here's [illegible] few lessons.

1) To witness the best examples of botched facial plastic surgery [illegible] WWII) [illegible] the track. Any track.

2) By far the best place to see really [illegible] facial [illegible] in the fleabags [illegible] the Bowery. Th[illegible] showing up [illegible] labor [illegible] you can't figure out how they're still alive [illegible] they're [illegible].

3) If you are a doctor [illegible] you're all set. [illegible] probably get to see th[illegible] [illegible] up to [illegible] and everything. But [illegible] school [illegible]. My [illegible] elegantly [illegible]

The Horrible Shredding Sour
Slashing Stainless Steel

GENESIS

Because Marion Crane has decided to return the money she stole from her boss, she beams into needles of shower spray as if feeling her sins purged.

A series of disturbing camera cuts begin. Our viewpoint switches at machinegun pace. Objective, subjective, objective—we feel the prickly sweat.

It is a stormy night. Marion hasn't a friend for miles. She is naked in her motel bathroom. Just moments ago we saw our first cinematic toilet.

We've already seen Marion in her bra a couple of times, and doggone if her frill figure doesn't have us pulling for her like all heck.

Then we see something that Marion doesn't see—and we can feel those stabbing pains of acute anxiety poking us in the arches of our feet.

There's that tickle we associate with nausea behind our knees. The bathroom door has opened and a shadowy figure—blurred by the translucent shower curtain—is slowly approaching.

The shower curtain is pulled back while the soundtrack goes berserk—yeah, Bernard Herrmann has his hand around that gland and he's squeezing until the juice squirts.

An old woman, her face blackened by rear lighting, raises a huge wide-bladed kitchen knife and swings it repeatedly at Marion's chest and belly.

Though we never see the blade entering her, the heat to the shrill music is kept by the horrible shredding sound of slashing stainless steel.

We see blood running down her legs, staining the water in the bottom of the tub. Then it's over. The old woman flees the murder site.

Marion stands still for a moment, eyes staring blankly, and then reaches for the curtain. Pop, pop, the curtain is pulled from its rings as Marion collapses into the tub. A stained whirlpool forms at the drain. The side of Marion's face is pushed grossly against the porcelain—close-up of a death stare. She is still beautiful—with a couple of waterdrops (tears perhaps?) on her cheek.

This scene, the most famous scene in Alfred Hitchcock's *Psycho* (1960, b&w, MCA Home Video), rendered many women permanently unable to bathe while alone in the house. The heroine of the picture had been brutally murdered—*disemboweled* from the sound of it—one-third of the way through the picture.

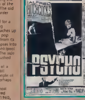
Many who watched were effected to the point of trauma. If it hadn't been for Norman Bates, there probably would be no Jason, Michael, or Freddy today!

—MacIntyre Symms

HE'S A WIZ OF A WIZ

Blood Feast (*Rhino Video*), the first real gore film (1963), is filled with the dismemberment of buxom debutantes. It's a remarkably entertaining black comedy.

Filmed in nine days in Florida at a cost of $63,000, it remains perhaps the greatest achievement by Herschell Gordon Lewis, the Wizard of Gore.



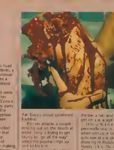
A pretty blonde named Pat Tracy listens to the radio and hears on the news that yes, there has been yet another mutilation murder in her area.

Disgusted, she turns off the radio and removes her clothes, exposing her breasts. (Frontal nudity meant a heck of a lot more in 1963 than it does today. This was a *signal* to theater goers that this was a movie that pulled no punches. There had been some nudie cutie pix floating around, but seeing a woman's nipples on the screen was still a rare and treasured thing.)

The murderer (Mal Arnold) enters the bathroom as Pat gets in the tub. The madman has a pronounced limp, dragging his right leg behind him like Kharis the mummy.

He plunges his knife in her left eye and twists, then cuts off her left leg just below the knee. He leaves with the severed limb, holding it in his arms as if he were cradling a baby.

d of



The psycho killer is Fuad Ramses, an exotic caterer, a man who "caters to unusual affairs" and has written a book called *Ancient Weird Religious Ceremonies*.

Rich Mrs. Fremont seeks Ramses' services for her daughter Suzette's (Connie Mason) 18th birthday party. Ramses says he has the perfect thing: an Egyptian dinner that hasn't been served in 500 years.

Mrs. Fremont is thrilled. Little does she know that the recipe is made up entirely of the parts of mutilated virgins. The making of the stew will reanimate the Egyptian love goddess Ishtar. Ramses prays before Ishtar's statue, telling her it won't be long before they are together again.

Pete and Chief, the cops investigating the psycho killings, scratch their heads and feel useless. Pete is Suzette's girlfriend—and he looks way too old for her.

She and the detective attend weekly lectures on Egyptian culture where they learn about the original Ramses blood feast. Suzette smiles angelically at Pete when she hears the word "virgin."

In a flashback to the ancient sacrifice, we see a girl's heart cut out before our eyes. There haven't been many films with killers who handle the guts so lustfully, allowing the guts with lots of sauce drip through their parted fingers.

Only Romero's walking dead get this worked up over entrails—and they go to their mouths with them. Push the envelope!

It never occurs to Pete that there might be a connection between this and the current murders, even though he found a copy of Ramses' book by the side of Pat Tracy's blood splattered [illegible]

Ramses attacks a couple making out on the beach at night. Tony's trying to get Marcy to "go all the way" when the psycho jumps up and knifes him.

Tony survives the attack, suffering only a gash on the forehead, but Marcy has her brain removed. We watch as he saws off the top of her head.

We see the brains, all dripping gray and runny, a little like gelatin, in Ramses' hands as he wiggles his fingers to let us know he enjoys the fact that those guts are squishy.

He's like a barefoot child wiggling his toes in the mud as he lifts the brains from Marcy's now empty skull.

Blood Feast's most famous scene depicts the ripping out of a young blonde's tongue by the roots while she's still alive and conscious.

Lewis claims that the initial effect was achieved by stuffing a poorly refrigerated sheep's tongue down the underpaid actress' throat.

The veins and muscles on the tongue were still attached and the gruesomeness was enhanced by cranberry sauce, stage blood and gelatin.

I've never seen a version that showed the tongue coming out, so this must have been snipped out of the picture a long time ago. People were puking in the theaters a lot, and that can get on a manager's nerves.

(The only time I personally was in a theater when someone blew their guts was at a midnight showing of *Bloodsucking Freaks* a.k.a. *The Incredible Torture Show*. The scene that spawned upchuck depicted the pulling of a young girl's teeth—all of them—with a pliers by a castrophobic dentist in search of gummy fellatio.)

Another victim has half of her face hacked away right down to the bone and both of her eyes removed. We see her dying on her hospital bed, bandaged from the neck up, some blood still soaking through the gauze.

We wonder if maybe Lewis is re-using an actress. After all, this is the sort of film where tape's put on the license plates of appearing cars so they can't be identified by investigating authorities. The faceless girl screams out the ancient Egyptian goddess' name and the lightbulb goes on over Pete's head.

Meanwhile, Suzette's friend Tracy is walking home when she is abducted by Ramses and taken to his torture room. He strips her, chains her to the wall and whips her bloody before killing her.

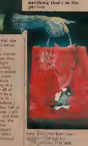
(This whipping effect is achieved—quite obviously—by slapping cotton lashes across the bound actress' back [illegible] been [illegible] Pete and Chief [illegible] Suzette's [illegible] party [illegible] the picture [illegible] all (Ma[illegible] Playboy centerfold [illegible] that was [illegible])

In the Fremont kitchen Ramses is about to behead the early duped Suzette when he's interrupted by her incoming mother. Ramses then pursues in a vain attempt at escape. Ramses runs across a dump and climbs into the back of a garbage truck where he is promptly compacted.

Just like the garbage he was. Chef says.

—Macintyre Symms

The opening sequence in *Blood Feast* (Rhino Video). The psycho killer removes the left leg of a bathing beauty. Ummm, that makes for some mighty fine eatin'!



Promotion art for *Chopping Mall* (Vestron) doesn't even remotely resemble anything that's in the picture

Promotion art for Wes Craven's Last House on the Left (Vestron). The new video version contains awesomely offensive scenes that had been edited out for many years.

TECHNO-DANTE

Not five minutes into Clive Barker's *Hellraiser* (New World Video) you're in hell. There's guts hanging off of hooks. There's a landscape of spare human parts and giblets unseen since the beaches of Iwo Jima.

From then on the story moves slow, maybe too slow [illegible] LSD-ish—but ooooh! those effects. There's a couple of major shocks and the acting['s] good.

Director Clive Barker paints pretty pictures, whether he be using his grotesque aesthetic or [illegible] that other kind.

Maybe film has never been this sensuous and gory at the same time. The best here is by Uncle Frank as his face is being ripped away by [illegible] satanic hook.

Jesus wept.

—[illegible]

ROBOTS MAKE COLD VILLAINS

In *Chopping Mall* (1986, Lightning Video) directed by Jim Wynorski and [illegible]

[illegible]

[illegible] name of Miller's character in his only starring [illegible] Roger Corman's *A* [illegible] *of Blood*.

The best line in the movie [illegible] as [illegible] teen [illegible] the barrel of an [illegible] spoon [illegible] just [illegible] a sporting goods [illegible] Let's send [illegible] Rambogram!"

—R[illegible] Brincalli

THE GUILTY PLEASURES OF SUFFERING

Ah, remember the good old days when Wes Craven was willing to make us suffer! As big studio horror films move increasingly toward mild kicks that appeal to [illegible] mass audience, us hardcore fans are shrivelling.

The early Wes Craven pictures *Last House On the Left* (1972) and *The Hills Have Eyes* (1977) deliver the [illegible]—despair and [illegible]

If you've never seen *Last* [illegible] *Left* (Vestron) [illegible] never be the [illegible]

[illegible]

takes care of the other with a chainsaw.

If you like horror movies because they are usually funny and not really *that* scary, you're going to *hate* this movie—*especially* if you don't have a spare pair of underwear handy.

—Belinda Myers

HEY MA, NICE FOREHEAD RUG!

It's never a good sign when a motion picture receives simultaneous theater and video distribution, but that's the case with *My* [illegible]

Blade: a slice and dice puppet (*Puppetmaster*, Full Moon Entertainment/Paramount)

Moms a Werewolf (1989) from Prism Entertainment, a mild comedy directed by Michael Fischa.

Susan Blakely (Julie in the TV miniseries *Rich Man, Poor Man*) plays a suburban housewife whose sole trek into the naughty world of infidelity leads to an encounter with a werewolf (John Saxon) and lycanthropia.

Ca[illegible] Ruth Buzzi and [illegible] mensions Marilyn McCoo perk things up a [illegible] more than anything [illegible] two part episode [illegible] without Alex.

(Funny [illegible] Wolf was a two part episode of [illegible] without [illegible])

[illegible] best thing about this [illegible] is [illegible] pleasant [illegible] Burns's sister [illegible] and Con[illegible] the teen heroine's (Diana Barrows) is a horror [illegible] consults her [illegible] rules of lycanthropia and vampirism.

—Darby Quinn

Here's what a real CHUD looks like (*C.H.U.D. II—Bud the CHUD*, Vestron)

BUD THE CHUD

In case you missed *C.H.U.D.*, a CHUD is a half dead, decomposing [illegible] the result of a military experiment gone haywire.

Scientists and generals [illegible] to build the perfect soldier, a soldier who [illegible] and CHUDs [illegible] result.

The unfortunate [illegible] CHUDism is strong [illegible] CHUD [illegible] stands for [illegible] humanoid underground dweller [illegible] underground dweller [illegible] [illegible] with the wrong idea.

The movie has a s[illegible]-com mentality and is based on a most improbably premise that not only is it common for teenagers to [illegible] to play with corpses as long as the corpses remain inanimate, but also that [illegible] necromania is considered a cute attribute for kids to have.

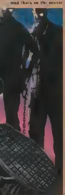
A lot of elements from this movie showed up in *Weekend at Bernie's*.

Robert Vaughn plays the [illegible] general with the perfect comedic [illegible] Larry Linville (Frank on the TV show *M*A*S*H*) plays a [illegible] June Lockhart and Bianca Jagger pop up too.

—MacIntyre Symms

THE BEST TRADITION OF RED COMEDY

Though none of the walking dead [illegible] [illegible]



Promotion art for *C.H.U.D. II—Bud the CHUD* (Vestron). There's very little resemblance between the illustrated CHUDs and those in the movie

Never feed the hand that bites (*Evil Dead II—Dead By Dawn*, Vestron)

[illegible] sequence [illegible] the [illegible] *Dead* [illegible]

The [illegible] Berry [illegible] *Dead* [illegible] *Dead and* [illegible] dead [illegible]. There's a pretty good beheading [illegible] right off the bat, special effect supplied by [illegible] Here the dead have white eyeballs and [illegible] facial features.

The funniest scene depicts a dead girl rising from the grave and rejoining with her severed head while doing a ballet dance. The head bites her boyfriend (Bruce Campbell's) hand, and he [illegible] (and viciously) whacks the head against

Duane talks to Belial in Basket Case (Media Home Entertainment)

things trying to get [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] letters a bare [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] saw the [illegible] that's [illegible] where the [illegible] ends [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] hand [illegible] [illegible] forced [illegible] the [illegible] with the same [illegible]

[illegible] there are some pretty good [illegible] [illegible] grey [illegible] [illegible]

—Vic Viscount

A BASIC HYGIENE PROBLEM

Meet Buddy [illegible] pig man [illegible] father Leslie says [illegible] basic hygiene problem. In fact Buddy [illegible] [illegible] Street Trash (1987) might be the grossest pig [illegible] in the history of the [illegible]. That [illegible] something. The competition [illegible] (One thinks of the dirty [illegible] and [illegible] rated blubberball in the basement [illegible] How about the gang [illegible] I don't think this [illegible] the [illegible]

Buddy [illegible] in a dysfunctional [illegible] [illegible] house with the [illegible] Buddy never speaks [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible]

Buddy [illegible] really [illegible] with a [illegible] [illegible] can take [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] like the [illegible] chicken [illegible] The best scene [illegible] Buddy [illegible] off [illegible] with the [illegible] the man [illegible] as he bleeds to death [illegible] the sheriff is made [illegible] into sausage.

The [illegible] here consist of cops and county officials (pigs of another kind perhaps) who are trying to foreclose on the Bacons' property, and teenagers who are looking for a suitably creepy place to make a horror video. But they don't matter. Only Buddy matters, living in his world of unspeakable filth. I want to see more.

—Michael Benson

If there hadn't been a Norman Bates, there probably wouldn't be a Jason, Michael or Freddy today!

COLD-SWEAT NOSTALGIA!

From experience, I know that the view of the [illegible] and madness [illegible] New York City/Times Square sleaze hotel presented in Frank Henenlotter's Basket Case (Media Home Entertainment) is real. Perhaps there is nothing lonelier than living in a coffin-sized flea-ridden hotel room surrounded by lunatics and whores. Just the look Henenlotter got (the grainy film and [illegible] walls of that miserable hotel with its hallway scene and [illegible] paced soap opera) was enough to give me a shivering [illegible] cold-sweat nostalgia.

Of course, Duane Bradley (actor Kevin Van Hentenryck) doesn't have to worry about getting lonely in

Jennifer's mother is having an identity crisis.
My Mom's a WEREWOLF
A HOWLING NEW COMEDY.

the Hotel Broslin. He has Belial, his grossly deformed and formerly Siamese twin brother, who was surgically removed from his side at age 12.

Good scene: Duane takes Belial in his big wicker basket to a sleazy movie at a Times Square theater, and a thug steals the basket. The thug goes into the john carrying the basket and comes out clutching his eye with his hand, blood coming twixt his digits.

Belial, though not a person of speech or discernible gender, is quick of wit and startlingly diminutive. At one point, the nasty little fellow (we're told he's male but that he has no, well, manhood) hides from the cops inside the toilet bowl with the lid shut.

For those of you more tender readers who carry a disproportionate fear of human deformity, this isn't the film for you. Or maybe it is. Maybe *Basket Case* is just the thing to get your adrenaline pumping. Maybe the fear this kindles will teach you to live!

Of course, the film was made back in 1982, before hotels such as the Hotel Broslin were invaded by two new visitors, one microscopic, the other flammable, both deadly. It's time for Belial to check back in.

—Rita Bristol

THE FEARS OF CHILDHOOD ARE MOST INSIDIOUS

How do puppets kill? If it's Tunneler, it's by drilling holes through people's skulls with his rapidly spinning drill bit head. Blade has sharp steel for hands. He's a slim and dire puppet. Pinhead looks like a cross between Tor Johnson and Zippy. He uses his seemingly human hands to wring the necks of his prey. Ms. Leech is a buxom wench of wood. She pukes live leeches onto the chests and into the mouths of her victims, slowly draining them of their essential juices.

These are the stars of *Puppet Master* (Full Moon Entertainment/Paramount, 1989), a slow-paced but creepy film produced by Hope Perello and directed by David Schmoeller. The special puppet effects, done with stop motion, were by David Allen, who previously received an Academy Award nomination for his work on *Young Sherlock Holmes*.

Indeed, *Puppet Master* is at its best when the puppets are on screen, and that is too infrequently.

The script, filled with funky sex and kinky death, was by Joseph G. Collodi. The puppets have been brought to life by Andre Toulon (William Hickey). Toulon is dead and the puppets now function as a team of killers seeking revenge. Paul Le Mat plays Alex Whittaker, a rather stiff psychic with too much hair. He is a member of a team of thoroughly eroticized psychics investigating the evil doings. All in all, the movie has way too much plot, but Allen's animation and the music box organ soundtrack by Richard Band enhance the creepiness.

—Vid Viscount

by Gary Goldstein

This issue: Stephen King's novel, The Dark Half!

[illegible]

MORE KING NEWS

[illegible]

latest

In Stephen King's latest novel, a writer's alter-ego rises from the dead to go on a murder spree

SPLATTER GUIDE

Been thinking about [illegible] ... Need to know how many [illegible] ... taking chances [illegible] ... thinks that [illegible] ... *The Official Splatter Movie Guide* by John McCarty (St. Martin's Press, $10.95; illustrated) [illegible] ... *Splatter Movies* [illegible] Lewis.

[illegible]

Stark's murder spree in New York is Stephen King at his best—splattery, frightening and funny!

[illegible] into video [illegible] which bypass theaters completely [illegible] expect [illegible] nothing released after 1988. [illegible] shouldn't [illegible] from [illegible] *The Official Splatter Movie Guide* [illegible] eventually [illegible] guide for [illegible] you missed the first time around.

RATS!

R[illegible] ... [illegible]

[illegible]

itlike, although Fuller's descriptions of the rats munching on some of South Field's most prominent citizens are delightfully sickening.

Not surprisingly, with a good half dozen plot lines interwoven throughout *The Pack* (the obligatory romance, the rats, the mall, down, etc.), Fuller writes himself into a tight little corner. He's got 500 or so radioactive rats and no way to get rid of them, so he falls back on the hands of a biblical quote: "And a child shall lead them." The child in point is a dazzlingly brilliant prep school dweeb conveniently into studying rats. Since rats—both brown and black—are extremely territorial, why not bring in some brown ones to kill the black ones? Naturally, since no one over the age of twelve in *The Pack* shows any sign of intelligence, the kid's suggestion is utilized, and the nasty rodents are heroically exterminated.

We can't in all good conscience recommend *The Pack* to serious fans, but [illegible] readers will find it an OK time-killer.

BAD GIRL

Matthew Hall (son of *Dark Shadows* scripter Sam Hall) makes an impressive debut with *Nightmare Love* (Bantam Books, $3.95), one of the best horror novels to come down the literary pike in quite some time.

It's Tucson, Arizona, twenty [illegible] years ago. Eight-year-old Carolyn Bergman is [illegible] everyday [illegible]. She [illegible] rather play with [illegible] than with Barbie dolls, and spends much of her time in the vast desert expanse [illegible] her home trapping and lovingly studying the nasty insects. Carolyn also has a boozy stepmother she's not too crazy about, so one night she deposits one of her venomous friends into stepmom's bed. [illegible] ("Remember kids, don't try this at home!") There's nothing splattery or supernatural about this scene, but it's terrifying all the same. Hall's descriptions of the dying woman's death throes as the toxic venom courses through her veins will have even the staunchest horror buffs gritting their teeth.

Flash ahead to the present. Carolyn, who has matured into a strikingly beautiful young lady, is [illegible] still crazy after all these years. And she has a new hobby—kidnapping and dismembering women in the deserts outside of Tucson [illegible] to bite.

A handsome young reporter, Ben Quarterman, is working the [illegible] beat for the Tucson Sun and gets to see firsthand the grisly results of this maniacal but cunning murderer's handiwork.

Ben is new in town and looking for some action. Carolyn, in addition to her skills as an unlicensed [illegible], is quite a talented artist. At the same time the wife of [illegible] Ben [illegible] publishing [illegible] art gallery [illegible] opened. Ben meets [illegible] them and [illegible] will fall into bed, and was Carolyn [illegible] Ben [illegible] little [illegible] something about that [illegible]. He takes [illegible] works at the paper. [illegible] And this makes [illegible] very, very [illegible] decides to make [illegible] time [illegible] week [illegible] matches [illegible] the secluded Arizona [illegible]. (Make sure you have a full set of fingernails available for the last twenty pages.)

Though Hall will never win any prizes for originality (the story is similar to other [illegible] like [illegible] and [illegible] like *[illegible]*) and readers will naturally put two and two together several chapters before heroine [illegible], *Nightmare Love* is still a delightfully creepy and [illegible] novel.

Traditionally, horror novels—in fact, most other category paperbacks—have a relatively short shelf life. You may have to do some hunting to find *Nightmare Love*, but it will prove to be well worth the effort. Matthew Hall is a talent.

STALKING THE SERIAL KILLER

Here are the first few paragraphs in Rick [illegible] *Psycho Squad—The [illegible]* (Berkley Books, $3.95):

THE TORTURE CHAMBER was in a [illegible]. The victim was [illegible] naked [illegible]. Her name was Linda [illegible]. She was twenty [illegible].

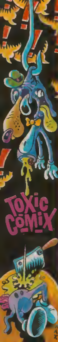
[illegible] black [illegible] black [illegible] black gloves.

[illegible] the black hood [illegible].

Linda looked [illegible] the [illegible]. She [illegible] hand, and then she screamed.

[illegible] many.

[illegible] attempts [illegible] the [illegible] Psycho Squad, a team of [illegible] trained experts who stalk serial killers—killers like The Torturer. [illegible] Jack Fitz, an ex-Big Apple flat foot who



by DAVID HENRY JACOBS

This issue: Clive Barker, Ed Wood, Werewolf at Large plus much, much more!

FLASH! Eternity Comics will soon be releasing *Plan 9 From Outer Space* based on Ed Wood Jr's original shooting script. The book contains scenes omitted in the movie! It doesn't get any better than this! We now return you to our regularly scheduled column.

It's Holiday time! Time to pick up plenty of extra copies of *Toxic Horror* [illegible] so's not to get caught short in the Xmas rush. Makes a great stocking stuffer for friends, relatives and significant others. Try a subscription, the gift that keeps on giving. Don't forget [illegible] its other fine publications such as [illegible] and *Gorezone* [illegible]. That ought to get [illegible] nice little Xmas bonus [illegible] (the publisher.)

[Bonus? Ha ha. Poor [illegible] —Editor's note found scrawled in the margin]

If you still have any money left, you might want to pick up some of these.

Eclipse Books presents **Tapping The Vein Book One**, the first of their adaptations of Clive Barker's *Books of Blood*. They've done right by Clive and the readers, too. The square bound, 60 page, all color first issue features "Human Remains," and "Pig Blood Blues," intriguingly offbeat choices. Story and art are cunningly matched in both cases.

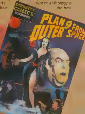
"Remains" is by an artist not usually associated with the macabre, P. Craig Russell, despite his impressive Martian monsters in Marvel's **War of the Worlds starring Killraven** from way back when. More recently, he's done handsome adaptations of classic operas (!). He wrote and drew Clive's tale of an ancient statue haunting a male hustler in modern-day London's vice district. His pen and ink fine line drawings evoke the world of old Rome that gave birth to the story's shape-shifting wraith.

Chuck Wagner and Fred Burke adapted "Pig Blood Blues," a weirdie about strange relations between English reform school boys, their jailers, and a supernatural sow. Set in a dreary prison farm reformatory, it's ably painted by Scott Hampton in dull blues, browns, and grays with sodden darkness crowding every panel.

"Tapping The Vein" packs plenty of punch. It's horror with hard hitting impact, the way you like it. Love that droll John Bolton cover, too.

Two more writers who're naturals for this kind of first class, deluxe treatment: H.P. Lovecraft and Robert Bloch.

Eclipse has the good old stuff, too. Hands down winner for best title of the season is their **Teen aged Dope Slaves and Reform School Girls**, subtitled "8 camp classics in 1 lurid volume." This black and white reprint anthology is the best



wants to hunt psychos without the hassle of rules and regulations. Dr. [illegible] Mac[illegible]'s medical sleuth who probed the dead to save the living, and [illegible] Santiago, a wild boy stallion who does things for kicks and that includes hunting psycho killers.

Here's [illegible] more.

The [illegible] held the [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] symphony [illegible]

FREDDY BOOKS

The Nightmares on Elm Street Parts 1, 2 & 3: The Continuing Story. Novelization by Jeffrey Cooper. St. Martin's Press. $3.95.

The Nightmares on Elm Street Parts 4 & 5. Novelization by Joseph Locke. St. Martin's Press. $3.95.

Novelizations of movies rarely match the impact of their celluloid counterparts, and nowhere is this more evident than in these two paperbacks, [illegible] Nightmare on Elm Street series.

The [illegible] which incorporates the screen stories of the first three Nightmare movies manages to [illegible] matches [illegible] comparison. And then Rod began to make the horrible [illegible] Nancy would [illegible] as long as he lived. [illegible] author Jeffrey Cooper has [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] by the same [illegible] however, both novel[illegible] [illegible] [illegible] children.

The adaptation [illegible] [illegible] the Nightmare [illegible] [illegible] abundant [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible]

Because [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] Elm Street [illegible] [illegible] [illegible]

On the plus side, the Nightmare on Elm Street novel [illegible]

[illegible] slightly [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] will have [illegible]

Freddy sez "The Nightmare novelizations are perfect for killing a study hall!"

[illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] the [illegible] [illegible]

CLIVE BARKER
TAPPING
TEEN-AGED DOPE SLAVES AND REFORM SCHOOL GIRLS
MARSHAL LAW

bargain on the stands since the originals would cost several thousand dollars, assuming you could find them. They're now available in a reasonably priced (ten bucks) trade paperback.

Taken from vintage crime comics of the late '40s and early '50s, these are tales of dope and lust, hoods and molls, slimeball pushers and square-jawed crimebusters. They and their ilk drove Dr. Wertham and the suppressives wild with indignation at the threat they represented to "the youth of our nation," and indeed, to our American way of life. No comic in the world can live up to that kind of hype, but these are mighty entertaining.

Here's Trapped, comicdom's very own "Reefer Madness." In "Teen-aged Dope Slaves," Rex Morgan, M.D., a newspaper strip Dr. Kildare/Ben Casey type, tangles with pin-striped pushers and ministers to quivering addicts. "Lucky Fights It Through," an incredibly rare V.D. scare western comic illustrated by Harvey Kurtzman of Mad magazine and Playboy's "Little Annie Fanny" fame, even comes complete with music and lyrics for that immortal non-hit tune, "That Ignorant, Ignorant Cowboy." Plus a couple of Simon and Kirby crime yarns demonstrating that while gangland isn't jolly Jack's strongest suit (hoods and G-men all resemble Reed Richards), he puts a hell of a lot of energy into it anyway.

One yarn, "The Bobby Sox Bandit Queen," concerns a "Gun Crazy"/Bonnie and Clyde crime duo, Benny and Stella Mae Dickson. Jack "Plastic Man" Cole's "Meet the Split Benny Dickson," collected in **Mr. Monster's True Crime Comics #2**, also features Benny and Stella Dickson. None of the fact crime reference books I've checked mention the couple. My question: was there a real Benny and Stella Dickson, or did Joe Simon "borrow" the characters from Cole? If you know, please write.

Jack Cole was one of comics' all time great inventive talents, and the two issue reprints of **True Crime Comics** are MUST haves. If they're not available at your dealer, try the publisher, Eclipse (again), where the hits keep on coming.

Another reprint oriented house is AC Comics. If you wonder why titles reprints get such a big play in this column, it's because their subjects (hoods, jungle girls, mad monsters, etc.) are more attuned to a TOXIC head than much of today's product, with its hordes of costumed mutants and super powered crusaders. Plus, mainly because I like em.

AC Comics' **Collector Classics** now presents **Amazon Warriors**, reprinting **Cave Girl**, one of the best of the Sheena, Queen of the Jungle clones (maybe even better than Sheena). Fifties jungle action comics like on the kind of yarns Edgar Rice Burroughs wrote in the Twenties about a Dark Continent of ruined temples, lost empires, savage beasts and men, endless jungle. And Africa that never existed except in the fevered brains of pulp writers.

Cave Girl battles her arch foes, the evil Amazons, in two stories and the killer [illegible] A [illegible] Nyoka the jungle [illegible] personal fame [illegible] the veteran Bob P[illegible] well [illegible] drew the Hulk [illegible] Gardner Fox [illegible] wrote for comics throughout the Golden and Silver Ages as well as pulp science fiction magazines in their hey days, including the premier space opera showcase supreme, **Planet Stories**. He brought many cosmic concepts into comics, especially at DC, scripting virtually all of the **Justice League of America**'s first fifty issues, among others.

Which provides a nice segue to DC's trade paperback edition of Silver Age **Hawkman**, written by Fox with art by the great Joe Kubert, famed for **Sgt. Rock** and other war comics. One drawback: this otherwise fine collection is brutally overpriced at $19.95.

Also from DC, the hardcover **Arkham Asylum** Batman graphic novel, "recommended for mature readers," they say. Sample art in pre-release advertisements looked macabre, gothic, and richly textured.

ALIENS
THE LIGHT AND DARKNESS WAR

The hardcover offers material which will not appear in a later general audience soft cover.

Back at AC: **Thrilling Science Tales**, 50s sf—in color!—from the likes of Wood and Frazetta, with a Kaluta cover, and **Nightveil's Cauldron of Horror** which delves into the files of Avon, now forgotten but once one of the top-line comics houses of its day.

AC's extensive Western reprint line features good ol' buckaroos like Roy Rogers, Wild Bill Elliot, Gabby Hayes (!) and fan fave Lash LaRue. Lash was a good guy in trademark black hat and clothes who wound up doing a softcore nudie feature or two before getting saved.

Why doesn't someone reprint the longlost **Outlaws — Western Crime Stories**? The '75 Overstreet Price guide describes it as "blatant, containing scenes of incredible violence." For that matter, why doesn't some enterprising video outfit dig up Lash LaRue's lost "nudie" features?

Marvel's **Epic** line has two releases worth noting. One is the six-issue **Light and Darkness War**, story by Tom Veitch, art by Cam Kennedy. A resurrected Vietnam fire copter gunship crew mans a space going warship to fight a galactic war of good versus evil on the other side of Death. Good script. Incredible art by England's Cam Kennedy, who hand painted his pencilled pages in rich glowing colors.

Marshal Law was created by the writer-artist team of Pat Mills and Kevin O'Neill, also from England. It's been around for a while, so you should be able to find the back issues if you're of a mind to. As noted, this isn't a superhero review, but we give 'em a play when the subject is of interest. **Marshal Law** builds on the healthy skepticism (all right, hostility) toward masked Overmen seen in Moore and Gibbon's **Watchmen** and especially Frank Miller's "Dark Knight versus Good Soldier" **Superman** plotline.

In the near-future, government created superheroes are genetically engineered to fight a dirty war somewhere in Central America. The war's over and the supermen have come home, but they're not in the mood to settle down and be peaceful good citizens. They run amok and raise hell. Marshall Law was one of them; now he's a renegade who crusades to bring them to heel. He must discover the true identity of Sleepman, mysterious super powered psycho killer whose crimes threaten the power structure.

If you've always wanted to see the long underwear boys get theirs—and who hasn't, at one time or another?—you'll like this book. It's packed with quirky, wildly inventive characters like the masochistic superhero whose costume is sewn directly to his flesh. The art will amaze and delight you. In addition to the six issue series run, look for the **Marshal Law Special** by Mills and O'Neill, inked by none other than Mark Nelson, working in color after his tour de force black and white illos for Dark Horse's **Aliens** miniseries.

QUICK STROKES: Aliens are all over the place. Good story and art in the all new, all color **Aliens**. But was the art repro in issue #1 blurred, or are my eyes going? The classic first series by Verheiden and Nelson is going into trade paperback. Aliens vs. Predator begins in **Dark Horse Presents** #36, kicking off what promises to be the slugfest of the year. We'll keep you posted on late breaking scores, wins and losses, ringside chatter, mass extinctions, planetary sterilizations and any changes in the betting line.

Kitchen Sink's got Mark Schultz's **Cadillacs & Dinosaurs** in trade paperback. **Xenozoic** #10 is on the stands. Nice Steranko cover on Now Comics' **Green Hornet** #1. No post apocalyptic thrills in **World War Three**, just Commie bull.

From Eternity: **Out of This World** is a squarebound selection of classic 50's SF that features art by Everett Raymond Kinstler, who did interior work for **The Shadow** pulps, and was the official portrait painter of President Gerald Ford (!). **Nine Cases of Murder** collects classic Perry Mason newspaper strips. Author Erle Stanley Gardner on adapters trying to improve his greatest creation: "Mason becomes a smart aleck, a wisecracker, a man who looks upon murder only as an opportunity for a new quip." Sounds like Freddy in **Nightmare 5/The Dream Child**.

New Eternity horror series: **Werewolf at Large**. Punchy, fast paced script by S.A. Bennett. Artist John Ross has a flair for lycanthrope. Issue #2 boasts great Tim Vigil cover. Tim and writer David Quinn serve up the wildest mayhem yet in **Faust** #4 from Northstar, no mean feat. Underage readers slippery enough to get a copy: hide it REAL GOOD so your folks don't find it.

We Hate to Gloat But—Dept: Morton Downey Jr. and his inquisitors huffed and puffed about the horrors of Horror last spring. Now winter's here, Horror's still going strong, and Mort is long-gone.

Entering the '90s, we can only echo Criswell the Seer's pious tagline at the end of "Plan Nine": "God help us in the future!"

Looks like it's gonna be a TOXIC decade.

Acknowledgements: Special thanks to Pat O'Donnell at Metropolis Comics, without whose help this column would not be possible. So blame him! Metropolis Comics, 290 Glenwood Ave., Bloomfield, NJ 07003. Phone: (201) 743 3835

The imitation Jason from *Part 5*

JASON BITES BIG APPLE!

Doesn't [illegible]!

by Gary Goldstein

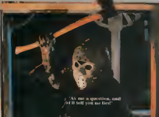
Rennie doesn't take her clothes off with her boyfriend, and she doesn't do drugs, so you know she'll survive this attack by the Goalie of Guts. The sequel number may be higher, but the rules are the same.

Faced with dwindling box office receipts on the last couple of *Friday the 13th* installments, Paramount Pictures has given the series a facelift although not necessarily for the better. Having skewered, sliced and slashed all of the available teenagers in and around Camp Crystal Lake (after seven movies you'd think they'd wise up), Jason invades New York City in *Friday the 13th Part 8: Jason Takes Manhattan*—well, sort of. Actually, Vancouver stands in for most of the Big Apple-based scenes except for a few NYC-lensed establishing shots. (Canadian production costs are substantially lower than in the U.S.)

Still, despite the novelty of this urban setting, *Friday the 13th Part 8* is without a doubt the weakest entry in this series, and may have the brain trust at Gulf & Western seriously pondering the wisdom of producing #9. Paramount, obviously bowing to the Tipper Gore-ish pressure groups, have been toning the series down splatter-wise; gone is the gratuitous gore that gave the series its life's blood and, let's face it, was the only real reason for plunking down the five or six samoleons. Gone as well are the horny teens who could usually be counted on to shed their designer jeans for a roll in the hay to give Jason a breather between dismemberments.

Jason Takes Manhattan finds our hero awakened from his catfish nap at the bottom of Crystal Lake by a downed power line, no worse for the wear from the moss or the acid rain. On dry land, we meet sweet, sensitive teenager Rennie Wickham (Jensen Daggett). We know she's sensitive because the supporting cast keeps telling us. Also, Rennie doesn't have sex with her boyfriend Sean (Scott Reeves) or even take her clothes off, thus ensuring her survival. (This brand of morality, however twisted, seems to be a staple of splatter flicks. Those who "go all the way" get butchered.)

Rennie's tight-assed guardian, Charles McCulloch (Peter Mark Richman), doesn't want her joining the rest of the senior classmates on the cruise to New York City (because she's too sensitive). Her English teacher, however, Miss Van Deusen, overrides McCulloch's decision and even presents her prize pupil with an ancient fountain pen that "Stephen King used to write his first novel." It doesn't take a Rhodes Scholar to figure out where the tip of this pen is going to wind up in reel seven.


"Ax me a question, and I'll tell you no lies!"

Along for the ride [illegible] assortment of teenaged [illegible] [illegible] pal Jason (Kane Hodder): blonde bitch debutante [illegible] Mason (Sharlene Martin), [illegible] black boxer Julius (V.C. Dupree) whose slugging scene with Jason on a Manhattan rooftop is the movie's highlight; video freak [illegible] Wayne (Martin Cummins); Oriental honor student Eva (Kelly Hu) and the film's obligatory punk [illegible] (Saffron Henderson), who is mercifully dispatched early so we don't have to hear her sing. All told, there are half a dozen other students who aren't around long enough to establish characters, and a ship's [illegible] who serves as resident doomsayer/prophet. This ship [illegible] cruise [illegible]

Once the ship sets sail, Jason gets right down to business, murdering (albeit bloodlessly) the other [illegible] graduating [illegible] hard to imagine [illegible] boasting an impressive body count [illegible] being a major [illegible] is precisely the case with *Jason Takes Manhattan*.

After Jason brutally slaughters most of the passengers and crew (two-thirds of the movie), the survivors take to a lifeboat and—get this—paddle into New York Harbor virtually unnoticed. (They don't even get boarded by the Staten Island Ferry, a miracle in itself.) Up until this point, writer-director Rob

He didn't come to elope, you bet. (Part 4)

Hedden actually manages [illegible] [illegible]. It's only after Jason hits the Apple that the flick degenerates into the standard stalk-and-slash exercise, and the Manhattan [illegible]

JASON

Jason inadvertently starts a fashion craze—the heavy-link necklace!

[illegible] another look at [illegible] glories [illegible] Here's Mr. V [illegible] off a stroke in [illegible] barely utilized. More's the pity, because the premise of [illegible] amok in Manhattan is rife with possibilities. Consider: Jason at a newsstand [illegible] Jason with the hockey [illegible] 'Yankees' that magically; Jason drowning a hot dog vendor in his own soggy sauerkraut for selling stale pretzels; Jason castrating perverts in the peepshow booths at Show World; Jason disembowelling the Rockettes at Radio City or, even better, slaughtering the entire cast of "A Chorus Line"; Jason going to work for John Gotti.

Hedden does deliver the necessary subway scene but he blows this, too, reducing it to another routine chase through the cars. (Even non-New Yorkers will know this scene wasn't filmed on a New York subway—not only were the trains graffiti-free, they were on time.) Even King Kong had the vision to do some serious track damage; Voorhees just shoves some riders aside and that's about it. He doesn't even square off against the Guardian Angels, an unforgivable oversight.

The film even makes a half-assed venture into *Nightmare on Elm Street* territory with our heroine Rennie experiencing Krueger-like visions of Jason as an extremely ugly tot. Hedden wisely abandons this stupid subplot early on, but worry not—he still manages to insult our intelligence in just about every other scene.

All in all, *Jason Takes Manhattan* is a pretty dreary, anemic, and predictable affair that will leave fans of the series feeling [illegible] (judging by the audible groans at its conclusion), because there are only so many ways to mutilate teenagers, and Jason seems to have covered all the bases. This probably won't stop Paramount from unleashing #9 on us next year despite the series' continual slide at the box-office. Is *Jason Takes Manhattan* even worth renting at your local video store?

Only if it's two-for-one night.

Friday the 13th Part 8: THE KILL LIST!

1) Boy gets harpooned in the intestines. Why stab so low? That's easy! That's where it hurts.

2) Girlfriend gets a similarly painful maritime instrument in the chest.

3) Cute female punk rocker bludgeoned with electric guitar (probably the best use of this instrument).

4) Jock in sauna gets large rock through chest. (This victim was originally supposed to get darts through the eyes, but [illegible] caused Paramount to replace the scene.)

5) Evil blonde debutante gets slashed with jagged glass.

6) Oriental girl is strangled and thrown to the floor (producing gales of unexplainable laughter from the jaded 42nd Street audience).

7) First mate is impaled.

8) A partygoer is shot to death in the ensuing confusion.

9) Ship's captain gets his throat cut.

10) Another student is impaled.

11) Camera buff/nerd gets throat cut.

12) Doomsayer/prophet gets the ax!

13) and 14) Two Hispanic lowlife rapists get the unkindest cut of all.

15) A cop gets chopped up.

16) English teacher is burned to death in a car crash.

17) Tight-assed guardian drowns in barrel of toxic waste.

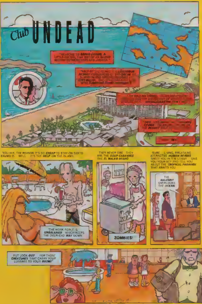
18) Black boxer gets his head knocked off, literally, after going four action-packed rounds with Jason.

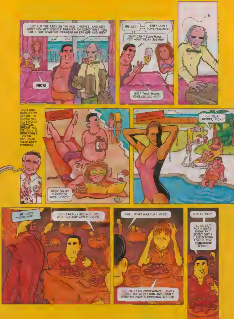
19) Sewer worker gets slashed.

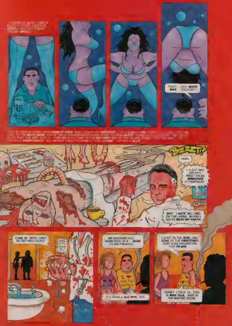
20) Dishwasher/bouncer in a greasy spoon restaurant gets body slammed into a mirrored wall.

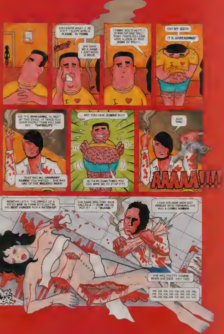
Jason changes his mind about fire in *Part 7*

...and lives, and lives and lives!


Club UNDEAD
"WELCOME TO SANTO EXUMO, A LITTLE-KNOWN, TINY DOT OF AN ISLAND MIDWAY BETWEEN HAITI AND JAMAICA."
"HALF OF [illegible] RESORT [illegible]
"NOW LIVE [illegible] EXUMO [illegible] THE RESORT [illegible]
YOU SEE, THE REASON IT'S SO CHEAP TO STAY ON SANTO EXUMO IS . . . WELL . . . IT'S THE HELP ON THE ISLAND.
"THE WORK FORCE IS UNSALARIED WHICH KEEPS THE OVERHEAD WAY DOWN
THEY NEVER TIRE . . . THEY ARE THE COUP CADAVRES . . . THE EL WALKO DEADO
ZOMBIES!
"SURE . . . LIVING, BREATHING ATTRACTIVE HUMAN BEINGS GREET YOU IN THE LOBBY . . . GIVE YOU YOUR KEY AND TELL YOU ABOUT THE TROPICAL PARADISE THAT AWAITS YOU
THE BALCONY OVERLOOKS THE OCEAN.
BUT LOOK OUT . . . FOR THOSE CREATURES THAT CARRY YOUR LUGGAGE TO YOUR ROOM!"


JUST PUT THE BAGS ON THE BED CHEEVES AND WHY DON'T YOU GET YERSELF SPRAYED OR SOMETHIN'? YOU SMELL LIKE SOMEONE CRAWLED UP YER ASS AND DIED!
NICK!
WHAT?!
THEY DON'T HAVE FEELINGS!
THEY CAN'T EVEN MAKE OUT WHAT WE'RE SAYING!
ISN'T THAT RIGHT CHEEVES OLD BOY?
NICK AND MARA'S FIRST DAY ON THE ISLAND WAS THE KIND OF TROPICAL DREAM YOU SEE ONLY IN BROCHURES ...OR ON TWO HOUR "LOVE BOAT" SPECIALS
MORE ON MY SHOULDER, NICK HONEY?
OH, OUR DRINKS, NICK
THE HOTEL RESTAURANT
DON'T REALLY KNOW IF I FEEL LIKE GOING OUT AFTER DINNER
ERR... WHAT WAS THAT BABE
IT'S ONLY OUR FIRST NIGHT I HAD A LITTLE TOO MUCH SUN AND I DON'T THINK MY FISH IS AGREEING WITH ME
S'OKAY BABE
I'LL GO OUT FOR A QUICK DRINK AND SCOUT OUT A CLUB IN TOWN FOR US, FOR TOMORROW NIGHT


PSSST, MAN... HEY, WHITE MAN YOU LIKE?
AFTER THAT, THE ROT SETS IN... THEN WE SEND THEM TO THE INFIRMARY SIDE OF THE ISLAND
LITERALLY DISINTEGRATE... SO, ANYWAY, I WAS PATCHING UP THIS ZOMBIE... HE WAS A MESS
BZZZT!
YEAH
A GUEST AND HIS WIFE INSIST ON AN IMMEDIATE APPOINTMENT!
SHIT. I HATE WORKING ON THE LIVING. MEANS I GOTTA WASH MY HANDS.
COME IN. WHAT CAN I DO FOR YOU FOLKS?
MY HUSBAND HAS SOME KIND OF A RASH ON HIS PRIVATES
I ♥ SANTO EXUMO
IT'S FROM A BUG BITE, DOC.
I SLEEP IN THE RAW... AND SOME OF THE CREATURES THAT BUZZ AROUND ON THIS ISLAND
HONEY, I TOLD YA, THIS IS MAN TALK. WAIT IN THE WAITING ROOM


YOU KNOW WHAT IT IS, DOC? I SLEPT WITH A SLEAZE IN TOWN.
SHE GAVE ME A DOSE. I JUST NEED A SHOT.
I THINK YOU'D BETTER STAND UP AND DROP YOUR PANTS SO I CAN HAVE A LOOK AT THIS RASH OF YOURS.
OH MY GOD!
IT'S SPREADING!
OH IT'S SPREADING, ALRIGHT. AT THIS STAGE IT TAKES YOU OVER FASTER THAN YOU CAN SAY "INFIDELITY."
THAT WAS NO ORDINARY TOWNIE YOU VISITED. SHE WAS ONE OF THE WALKING DEAD!
AND YOU HAVE ZOMBIE ROT!
IS THERE SOMETHING YOU CAN GIVE ME TO STOP IT?!
JUST THIS.
AAAAA!!!!
MONTHS LATER, THE OWNER OF A GO GO BAR IN TOWN BROUGHT IN HIS BEST DANCER FOR A PATCH-UP.
THE SAME ONE THAT NICK CALLED A — HOW DID HE PUT IT? — A "SLEAZE."
I CAN SEE HOW NICK GOT FOOLED INTO THINKING SHE WAS A LIVING HUMAN.
SHE WAS PRETTY YOUNG WHEN SHE DIED. HEH HEH.
HA HA HA, HA, HA HA HA HA, HA HA HA, HA HA HA HA, HA, HA HA HA, HA HA HA, HA!
MARK VOGER

GET TROMA-TIZED!

"IT'S TO

by David Henry Jacobs

XIE vs THE DEVIL!"

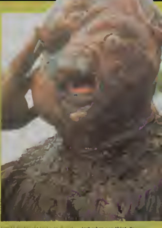
Prez Lloyd Kaufman talks about *Toxic Avenger III* and fifteen years of the "aroma of Troma."

When [illegible] Mark [illegible] Steve [illegible] that Tro[illegible] the strange, the un[illegible] the offbeat [illegible] the right place!

In the early '70s Lloyd Kaufman and Michael Herz founded Troma Inc. to produce and distribute films geared to the 16- to 30-year-old market, the same "date night" crowd that studios like AIP and filmmakers like Roger Corman once courted so successfully with classic titles like *Hot Rod Girl*, *Ghost of Dragstrip Hollow* and *Not of This Earth*. The rest, as they say, is history.

This year, the company is celebrating fifteen years of "the aroma from Troma" (their slogan, not mine). Fifteen frenzied years of unique independent hits like *Surf Nazis Must Die*, *Troma's War*, *Class of Nuke'em High* and, most importantly, the *Toxic Avenger* series. They've distributed *Zombie Island Massacre* and *Bloodsucking Freaks*. One of the oldest and most active independent Producer-Distributors in New York City, they're headquartered in the company-owned Troma Building, aptly sited in Hell's Kitchen. Troma distributes between 10 and 15 pictures per year, but only one or two are written and directed by the partners Kaufman and Herz. They now have a library of 70 (!) feature films and expect to have over 150 films within the next two years.

Troma launches the tradition into the next fifteen years with an impressive roster of Fall '89 releases. There's the October movie *Toxic Avenger III: The Last Temptation of Toxie*, the November release by Warner Home Video of *Toxic Avenger II*, a Toxic Avenger Saturday morning kidvid cartoon, the catchy titled action thriller *Fortress of Amerikkka* movie, and the start of production on *Kabukiman*, a new mystery-supernatural thriller budgeted at $4 mil



[illegible] Kaufman [illegible] Herz [illegible] Troma [illegible] the USA [illegible]

Just when you think Toxie can't get any uglier, he develops a new carbuncle or twenty!

GET TROMA-TIZED!

Saturday Night rock videos, when you can see the *Vices of Fat Guy Goes Nutzoid!*

Plus (as if that weren't enough) Troma is distributing the ultimate in domestic depravity, *Rabid Grannies*, a film that proves conclusively that home is where the horror is. Not to mention the intriguingly titled *Stuff Stephanie in the Incinerator*, which is the sort of title that [illegible] loves to mention.

Troma president and co-founder Lloyd Kaufman was kind enough to rock with us one afternoon. Intelligent, enthusiastic, and articulate, he also possesses the sense of humor that one would expect from a man who once took out a full-page ad suggesting that *Surf Nazis Must Die* receive an Academy Award Nomination for Best Picture.

Troma is still around when so many other studios have gone belly-up. What's the secret of your success?

We have taken the word "filmmaking" [illegible] have always [illegible] that are [illegible]

Toxic and his bride make a fashion statement at the wedding of the year in *The Toxic Avenger III*

Since he's composed primarily of toxic waste, Toxie is almost as flammable as Boston Harbor.

All illustrations © Troma, Inc.

and one of a kind. At the same time, we've kept our budget low and we have not over-extended ourselves financially, so that all of those combinations together have led to a modest amount of success and a long life. The key is that each of the movies we make is a one-of-a-kind and the public now has got a feeling for the "Troma" meaning something different, something unusual.

What's new and exciting about Toxic Avenger III?

The big conflict in Part Three is that he ends up making a pact with the Devil and he has to fight the Devil for his soul, for his freedom. It's very Faustian.

Part Three was [illegible] because he is the Toxic Avenger battling [illegible], and it's more action-oriented. In Part Two, with major car crashes and very unusual stunts, Part Three is more a [illegible] of science fiction and the supernatural. It culminates in a major fight between the Toxic Avenger and the Devil.

In Part Two, you'll recall, the Toxic Avenger goes up against a giant corporation called Apocalypse, Incorporated, which is taking over Tromaville. In Part Three, the giant corporation comes back. The Toxic Avenger is lured to work for the corporation, in order to pay for his girlfriend's eyesight.

At first, he just looks like a yuppie, but bit by bit, he—and we—realize that he's selling his soul to the company. And then finally it is revealed that the chairman of this company transforms into the Devil himself. There is a multi level battle between the Toxic Avenger and the Devil, and the battle is sort of in the form of an occult video game. The first level is the element of Earth, and too difficult, then Fire, and Air etc.

It's very complicated technology. There are numerous transformations. Why, the Devil even transforms the Toxic Avenger back into little Melvin. Visually, it's very, very interesting in the way it's done.

Who's handling the special effects?

Perry Lewin, who's the director of a movie we are distributing called [illegible], is the special effects supervisor, and he created the concept for these transformation scenes. You'll see lots of spectacular transformation scenes.

Do you anticipate trouble with the MPAA?

We always have trouble with the MPAA. Yes, we do definitely anticipate problems with them. There always are and they're never solved.

Is the situation with them worse now than it was a few years ago?

Yes. The problem is that [illegible] you carry [illegible] get into the [illegible] old [illegible] and [illegible] area. And [illegible] they don't want to take [illegible]

We have taken the word 'filmmaking' very seriously. We've always tried to make movies that were original and energetic and one of a kind."

The secrets of [illegible] weight loss [illegible] revealed in Troma's [illegible] Clutch!

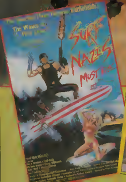
Do you anticipate two video versions, R and unrated?

It's possible. Certainly the director's version will play in other parts of the world where there's more freedom, perhaps places like Japan and France; a more honest version may be permitted, we don't know yet.

We have absolutely no say in the matter, we just have to do what they say and that's it, otherwise you don't get to play theatrically. The problem is if you eliminate all the good stuff then you don't have much to compete with since the *Toxic Avenger* doesn't have Tom Hanks in it. If you eliminate allegedly gory stuff or alleged violence—which nobody takes seriously in our movies anyway—you eliminate that, you lose a lot of the strength of the movie. So therefore that takes the economic legs out of the picture and it can't compete theatrically as well as it should.

A Troma trademark is that combination of wild gore and crazy off the wall, *Mad* magazine type humor

That's right, exactly. If you speak to young people they find it amusing, and nobody takes it seriously. If you speak to old people they get a little bit upset. But the point is, in movies like *Die Hard* they take the violence seriously and that is more upsetting to me than [illegible] for instance [illegible] and [illegible] is [illegible] very



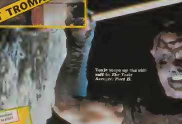
THEY LOVE THEIR GRANDCHILDREN... WELL DONE!
RABID Grannies

GET TROMA-TIZED!

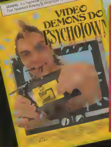
violent, but you don't take it seriously, it's a cartoon. *Toxic Avenger*, in its uncut form, is quite violent, but again, you don't take it seriously. But unfortunately, by the time the MPAA gets through with it, in many cases the Troma movie gets eviscerated.

We feel indeed there is a double standard... a very convenient double

In *The Toxic Avenger: Part II*, Toxie became the first superhero to dribble, drive and lay-up a victim!



Toxie mops up the riff-raff in *The Toxic Avenger: Part II*.



STUFF STEPHANIE IN THE INCINERATOR

standard that seems to protect those Clint Eastwood movies that show people getting shot in the forehead, but in *Troma's War*, we couldn't do it. We weren't even allowed to have blood squibs, you know, where you see a bullet hit with blood coming out. We had to cut almost all of that out, everything. So, it's a very tough thing for the independents, and as a result, you can see many independents have gone out of business. To some extent, I'm sure this contributed to it.

Clearly there appears to be a double standard, and in the case of *Troma's War* especially, I think that if you look at the R-rated version of *Troma's War* and you look at the R-rated version of *Robocop* or *Die Hard*, or a slew of other R-rated movies, *Troma's War* looks like Walt Disney. This is the version we were compelled to show in the theatres. There are two versions of *Troma's War* on video. Media Home Entertainment released two beautiful versions.

Troma videos have been handled by a variety of distributors.
Vestron, Media Home Entertainment, Warner Bros., CBS-Fox. Recently Vidmark had some success with an older film of ours, *Sizzle Beach USA*, with Kevin Kostner—he did it right after *Field of Dreams*—(laughs) no, no, no, I'm joking—he did it a long time ago.

Any filmic inspirations?
Michael Herz and I are big fans of Buster Keaton, and Charlie Chaplin, and John Ford, and the great American movies.

What can you tell us about KABUKIMAN?
We're just about to shoot *Kabukiman*, a movie about a New York City cop who, through a mysterious quirk of fate, transforms into a Kabuki theater player with some supernatural powers, and combats evil that way.

It'll be comedy, it'll be a police movie, but comedy, heavy on the action, heavy on the science fiction. However, it will not be gory. It will be sexy, it will be very weird and very unusual, and at times give you tremendous willies, tremendous chills, but we are trying to do something new. We're trying to shock in other ways than chop people's heads off and arms off. We feel we've gone as far as we can go up that particular road, we're going to go in a different direction on this particular movie. Absolutely. We've got some very unusual transformations!

There's a kind of tabloid immediacy to a lot of Troma projects...
All our movies, the themes come from the papers. For example, *Toxic Avenger* originated from the newspaper stories about all these toxic waste dumps. *Class of Nuke 'em High* came out of the nuclear power plants, the fact that they weren't constructing them properly. *Squeeze Play* was from the women's liberation movement... All of our movies come out of the papers, basically.

Kabukiman comes out of the phenomenon of the American and Japanese cultures clashing..., two dominant societies fighting for the social and economic leadership, and the clashing and merging of the two

GET TROMA-TIZED!
IT'S OUT! IT'S OUT! IT'S OUT!
FORTRESS OF AMERIKKKA
WHERE THE BRAVE MUST FIGHT TO BE FREE!
MONSTER IN THE CLOSET

Bonsai!

cultures. That's the basis of the film. We're using this tough, gruff New York cop, and his other side, this refined Kabukiman as a symbol of what's happening in the world today.

We get interested in certain themes that have a little meat to them. We want to make entertaining, very original movies, to which the audience go because they're looking for something different. They know that if they go to a Troma movie they won't get just baby food. They'll get something meaty to chew on.

When's KABUKIMAN due?

It should be almost a year from now (note "now" being mid-September, '89) before the movie gets into theaters. *Toxic Avenger III*, on the other hand, will be in the movie theaters in October, and we also have a movie called *Fortress of Amerikkka* which is just starting to be released by Troma.

Fortress of Amerikkka is more of a traditional action-war terrorist movie. The whole movie was produced in California. Michael Herz and I did not direct it. It was directed by Eric Louzil, who was the director of *Sizzle Beach USA*, the Kevin Costner picture. This is the first movie that we have produced entirely in California. It's just beginning to hit the movie screens.

Any final comments?

We just want to keep doing interesting and original stories. We're working on a Western, a Troma Western; we're actually also working on a children's script, believe it or not. We're very dedicated to comedies and making better movies and trying to keep original. Keep fresh, stay alive, not keep copying what we did three years ago.

Ready for the next 15 years?

I hope so. I certainly hope so. The key is that we surround ourselves with younger people and the younger men and women keep us fresh, hopefully.

Frank Langella as Dracula

THE ORIGINAL BLOOD SUCKING FREAK!

A history of *Dracula* on the stage!

by J. FARNHAM SCOTT

Bram Stoker, author of the Vampire thriller, *Dracula*, was the manager of Sir Henry Irving's Royal Lyceum Theatre in London. Shortly after the publication of his novel, in order to secure a copyright from the Lord Chamberlain, a staged reading was improvised courtesy of his mentor Sir Henry Irving using members of the Lyceum Company. Bram Stoker little realised the countless versions of his dreaded nightstalker that were yet to come.

Vampire plays were nothing new, of course, the dramatisation of John Polidori's short story (originally credited to George Lord Byron on whom the title character Lord Ruthven was based) "The Vampyre" created a sensation. The now clichéd use of an opera cape for the villain of so many melodramas and early "flickers" originated in the matinee performances that so shocked London and Paris audiences of 1889. But *Dracula* has been a unique villain. He is one of those few characters like Sherlock Holmes, Santa Claus and Dracula's close rival in mayhem, Frankenstein's Monster, that have entered into a universal pantheon of recognition. This was not the case on May 18, 1897 when *Dracula's* first staging occurred under the title *Dracula, or The Un-Dead*. It was a very long morning. Scheduled for 10 a.m. and starting 20 minutes late, the long narrative didn't finish till mid-afternoon. The Evil Count was played by the ubiquitous "Mr. Jones." "Mr. Passmore" played Jonathan Harker, the young hero. "Mr. Reynolds" essayed the role of Professor Van Helsing. Irving's partner and leading lady Dame Ellen Terry's daughter Edy, known as Edith Craig and brother to the famous designer and theatre revolutionary Gordon Craig, played the first of a long line of fainting heroines, Mina Murray. Henry Irving, watching clandestinely from the rear of the auditorium, his Royal Lyceum Theatre, dismissed the reading as "Dreadful!" Irving, it is said, had a dry sardonic sense of humor.

Dracula's copyright was secured and its power was tested in 1922 when the great German director F.W. Murnau filmed the highly respected *Nosferatu, Eine Symphonie Des Grauens* (*Nosferatu, a Symphony of Horror*) for Prana Films and changed the characters' names so as to avoid paying the fee Stoker's widow Florence demanded. Dracula became Orlock, Mina became Ellen and the setting was switched from London to Bremen. That Florence Stoker was able to have almost all copies of the film that film historian Paul Rotha described as "a chilly blast of doomsday" destroyed is a testament to the seriousness of the protection. Yet a copy was smuggled out of Germany, but after a brief appearance in America as *Nosferatu, The Vampire and [illegible] of Doom* it became a rarity outside of a few museum prints. Fortunately for film lovers it became more available in the early 1960s and today is widely available on videotape. Certainly one of the most grotesque apparitions in the Vampire's canon, Max Schreck's Count Orlock is a very familiar image. But the Vampire as most of us think of him, [illegible] usually with [illegible], [illegible] black haired and devastatingly attractive to the ladies, was as much an Irishman named Hamilton Deane as to the [illegible] Vampyre, Lord Ruthven. *Nosferatu* was remade in 1979 as a [illegible] careful homage to Murnau by filmmaker Werner Herzog, starring Klaus Kinski as Nosferatu and Orlock and Isabelle Adjani as Ellen.

Hamilton Deane was a member of Henry Irving's [illegible] company in 1899 and [illegible] Bram Stoker, who knew his family for years, while he was [illegible] he would [illegible] Stoker's novel with him. He was fascinated with the [illegible] the story which he felt would make a good theatrical property. *Dracula* lay dormant until 1924 when after years of trying to convince other writers to adapt Stoker's tale, Deane's wife convinced him to do it himself. He had thought about it for years. Hamilton Deane had grown up in a house adjoining the Stoker residence. Florence gave her consent (Bram had died in April 1912 at the age of 64 of complications arising from exhaustion and syphilis) and the play was tried out in repertory in the British provinces. The curtain rose on *Dracula* at the Grand Theatre in Derby, England in June of 1924. It was an instant smash, but still no respectable London producer would touch it se

The great Bela Lugosi fi[rst] performed the role of Dracula on stage in 1927. Here [illegible] seen closing in on the neck of his stage co-star, Dorothy Peterson.

Deane produced the play himself. It was such a resounding success one reviewer said, "(the play) is so successful someone will have to beat it to death to keep it off the road." Deane, with his compelling gaze and stature, wanted to play the Vampire King himself, but as the play was rushed in production he took on the role of Van Helsing, the intrepid Vampire Slayer, as he had most of the lines and there was no time for another actor to get up on them. The first of Deane's Draculas was Edmund Blake. It is said that he won the role due to a prominent gold tooth. He was succeeded by Raymond Huntley who continued his career in character roles into the late 1960's. Critics complained of Huntley's "ill fitting mask," but as the actor said, "As it is my own there is really nothing I can do with it." Deane's wife and leading lady, Dora Mary Patrick, played Mina. G. Malcolm Russel played Renfield, Dracula's slave. One of the first of the young heroes was played by film historian Ivan Butler. *Dracula: The Vampire Play*, to give Deane's version its full title, opened in London February 14, 1927 (the film would open on the same day—St. Valentine's Day—4 years later) at the Little Theatre in London.

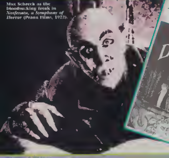
As a dramatic entity *Dracula: The Vampire Play* is outright melodrama. Almost always attacked by its critics, it remains in constant production. After its opening in London the *Evening News* said, "... while glittering productions costing thousands of pounds have wilted and died after a week or so in the West End, *Dracula* has gone on drinking blood nightly."

After a short run in the Little Theatre in London, *Dracula: The Vampire Play* moved into the Duke of York's, then into the Prince of Wales Theatre where it settled in for a lengthy stay. Other Draculas were Percy Broadshaw, W. J. Holloway and Courtney White. After several tours proved so successful Deane added another concurrent tour and this proved again so profitable he commissioned his secretary Peggy Webling to fashion another play on a similar theme, *Frankenstein*. This was also very profitable (Deane played the Monster in this one) and soon *Dracula* and *Frankenstein* outsold all the other plays in Deane's repertory. After the success of the film version Deane would present the play another 40 times. Both plays were filmed by Universal Studios. Thus Hamilton Deane was responsible for both properties that virtually created the horror film as we know it today.

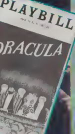
The famous American producer and publisher Horace Liveright saw there was coin to be pocketed and bought the American rights to the play. He persuaded Deane to update the play to contemporary times (then 1927) and collaborate with John Balderston, dramatist of *Quality Street* and many motion pictures, and it is this version, shorn of several characters and scenes and featuring "modern" embellishments like Dracula using an "aeroplane" for his escape from Transylvania, that is the one still in revival. Other changes included the exchange of Mina Murray Harker for Lucy Westenra as the heroine. Lucy's lover Jack Seward was aged to 55 and became her father. The American Quincey Morris, one of Stoker's most interesting characters, was dropped, as well as the third suitor Arthur Holmwood, Lord Godalming.

Dracula repeated its success in America. It would open in time for

Edward Gorey, who did the stage and costumes designs for the 1977 Broadway production, also drew a special *Playbill* cover, used on Opening Night only



Max Schreck as the bloodsucking freak in *Nosferatu, a Symphony of Horror* (Prana Films, 1922).



Halloween in October 1927. As Deane and Company were still going strong with the play in England, a new Dracula was found in the Hungarian actor Bela Lugosi who had been with the National Theater in Budapest and had appeared in several motion pictures, including an adaptation of *Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde* (*Der Januskopf*, The Janus-Faced) starring Conrad Veidt of *Cabinet of Dr. Caligari* fame in the dual role. Frustratingly, no prints of this film, directed by *Nosferatu* filmmaker F.W. Murnau, appear to have survived. Lugosi, tall and distinguished, had escaped from Hungary, as he said, due to "political reasons," and was indeed Transylvanian. He had grown up with the vampire legends, although it is doubtful he was aware of the "real" Dracula, the Transylvanian Voivode (sort of a military prince) Vlad Tepes [illegible] known for violent torture. He was known as "Vlad the Impaler" owing to his preferred method of execution.

Dracula, The Vampire Play is structured like a mystery. At the end of the first act it is left open to question whether the intruding vampire is the mysterious Count that has moved into the nearby Carfax Abbey or the demented fly-eating lunatic Renfield. Renfield became quite a [illegible] character in the play, and it is he who is the inspiration for so many crazed assistants in the Universal horror films of the 1930s. [illegible] wonderful character actor Dwight Frye, whose hunchback in Frankenstein [illegible] of the day [illegible] his performance is often [illegible]. But it was perhaps [illegible] Bernard Jukes who had the [illegible] London and New York [illegible] upwards of 4000 times. Edward Van Sloan played Dr. Abraham Van Helsing very effectively [illegible]

Bela Lugosi was not comfortable with the English language [illegible] his first several appearances in New York. [illegible]

Vampires are still [illegible] among us. Here's a shot of a toothy night creature from *Evil Clutch* (Troma, Inc.)

As a dramatic entity, *Dracula, The Vampire Play* is outright melodrama. Almost always attacked by its critics, it remains in constant production.

[illegible] New York run [illegible] popular that [illegible] Studios and film star [illegible] hoping to cash in [illegible] the horror market. [illegible]

After New York [illegible]

[illegible] up his [illegible]. Working his way West, he settled into a long run in Los Angeles. [illegible] of Universal Studios, Carl Laemmle, [illegible] interested and eventually purchased the rights, placing his son in charge of production. [illegible] the leading role [illegible] New York stage star [illegible]. The film was adapted by [illegible] Bromfield but [illegible] the screenplay, which went to Garrett Fort, who specialized in adapting [illegible] to the screen. [illegible] Tod Browning, who had directed Chaney in [illegible] Dracula [illegible] at the time of his death in 1930 [illegible] Other candidates for the role included Conrad Veidt, William Courtenay and Ian Keith, but the role was eventually awarded to Lugosi, who received very small wage. Filming was rushed and for convenience the screenplay was based on the popular play [illegible] the cinematic possibilities of the novel. [illegible] Expressionist photographer Karl Freund, whose sweeping [illegible] had earned him much praise in films like The Last Laugh and Metropolis [illegible] ignored other [illegible] technique [illegible]

[illegible]

years. The horrors, the musical delights of young Deanna Durbin and later the comedies of Abbott and Costello became the prime Universal staples.

In the 1930s *Dracula: The Comedy of the Vampire* appeared in Europe, presumably a spoof of the Deane version.

The play, however, continued its run. John Abbott [illegible] the role in America in 1933. In 1939, while on a trip to England, Lugosi and Deane met onstage for a curtain call. They were greeted with [illegible] applause as the two vampires, England's and America's, embraced. The play had [illegible] come full circle and was once again playing at the Lyceum Theatre, the theatre formerly managed by [illegible] Stoker. The play [illegible] by a short run of Hamlet with John Gielgud [illegible] and then closed [illegible]. In later performances Deane had finally played the Count, alternating evenings with [illegible] first appearance in the play [illegible] in 1951 [illegible] 1958 [illegible] Dracula's cape [illegible] There was a [illegible] featuring Lugosi [illegible] numbers of [illegible] appearance [illegible] Michigan [illegible] 1950s that Lugosi [illegible] did not [illegible] understands [illegible] somewhat [illegible] his sudden appearance [illegible] reported that Lugosi was [illegible] when his acting had become often mannered and strained. Lugosi eventually played shortened versions of the play. Richard and Alex Gordon, producers who had utilized the aging Lugosi in several films, arranged for a combination magic act and play based around Dracula's scenes with the heroine.

Other Draculas have included the notorious tennis star Bill Tilden, Jack Beltran, John Gregory, Robert Bollinger, Louis Hayward, and in 1972 Hurd Hatfield and Edward Ansara. Hatfield has said that he found the audiences very resistant to his interpretation (based on Stoker rather than Deane) and was only successful once he adopted Bela Lugosi-like intonations.

Following his appearances as Dracula in Universal's films *House of Dracula* and *House of Frankenstein*, John Carradine played the Count, fashioning his makeup on Stoker's description in the novel rather than on Lugosi's continental suavity. His gaunt thin frame and distinctive bass voice lent Carradine considerable presence in the role, but he disliked his growing association with horror types and never took it seriously. In the closing curtain speech (originally written for Van Helsing, but later appropriated by Deane when he essayed the Count), Carradine would mock the evening with the lines, "If I'm alive, why am I here in this coffin and if I am dead why do I have to wee wee?" Carradine was still playing Dracula into the 1980s, both onstage and on television, and in the 60's appeared as the Count in a continuingly depressing series of films like *Billy the Kid vs. Dracula*, *Hollywood Honkers* and *Blood of Dracula's Castle*.

Dracula was somewhat dormant as a major theatrical property in the 1960s, although revivals were occasionally produced. Nice productions were given the play in Detroit by the Vanguard Theatre in 1965 and another fresh adaptation at the Asolo State Theatre in Florida around the same time.

Various other versions were produced to varying degrees of success. There was *Count Dracula: Musical Monster From Transylvania*, Gene Donovan's juvenile script fashioned for production by high schools. *I Was A Teenage Dracula Revenge of Dracula* was more serious. It was written by Charles Jackson. Another musical was *Dearest Dracula*, produced in Ireland in 1965. Yet another musical spoof in 1966 was a version *Dracula* at the Muse Theatre in Ravenna, Ohio, produced for the Summer

Dracula the Vampire Play, 1976 Sister Lakes Playhouse, Sister Lakes, Michigan. Photo: William Kelly playing Drac, with author Burnham Scott as Van Helsing

Straw Hat circuit. In 1969 was still another musical adaptation *Dracula Baby!* A homosexual version *Dracula Sucks* was produced by Jerry Wheeler. Two comedians both with associations to horror spoofs on recordings Sheldon Allan and Bobby (Boris) Pickett wrote the comedy *I'm Sorry The Bridge Is Out And You'll Have To Spend The Night* in 1970. Allman had made a recording *Sing Along With Drac* fashioned as a late night (of course) radio host and Pickett had a best selling comic hit "Monster Mash" featuring his impressions of Boris (*Frankenstein*) Karloff and Lugosi.

Other productions about this time included *Dracula Sabbat* by Leon Katz featuring Duane Tucker as a barechested Dracula in a wild orgiastic spectacle of nudity and degradation (1970). In 1973 the University of Southern California produced a rock musical *Dracula* by Larry Ferguson and Harold Davidson. There was another dramatic adaptation seemingly fashioned by its cast in 1972 by Alan Jackson, David Mowat, Robert Nye, Bill Watson, Jannie Eriksson and John Downing in London. Grant Johnson's version appeared in 1971 at New York's Royal Playhouse.

Still another comedy version was fashioned by Ted Tiller known as *Count Dracula*. It has had a longer theatrical life than most of the other comic variations. [illegible] thought actor Ian Thompson the quintessential Dracula.

Edward Gorey designed the settings and costumes for a revival of the Deane script at Cape Cod's Nantucket Theatre in 1973. It was this production featuring Frank Langella as a rather [illegible] Dracula that moved to Broadway in 1977. Somewhere between Cape Cod and Broadway the script [illegible] the action was replaced by extremely broad comedy. Directed by Dennis Rosa [illegible] greatly diminished and thrills still left in Hamilton Deane's script [illegible] seemed to please its [illegible]. However in a play [illegible] did not [illegible] Renfield [illegible] Richard [illegible] given striped pyjamas and [illegible] frightening Jerome Dempsey as Van Helsing was leaden. Ann Sachs played Lucy with [illegible]. *The Vampire Play* [illegible] became a popular [illegible] and the more it [illegible] the more plays it spawned [illegible]. A very disappointing film version was produced by Universal [illegible] in Cornwall directed by John Badham with Langella repeating as Dracula. Initially marketed under the title *Dracula: A Love Story*, the title was shortened to the familiar *Dracula* when Universal executives standing in the lobby at its preview overheard the snickers of passersby. Also in the cast were Kate Nelligan, Donald Pleasence and Sir Laurence Olivier as Van Helsing. Only the confrontation between Van Helsing and Dracula remained from the Deane script. As a surprise to viewers acquainted with the [illegible], Badham had Van Helsing die [illegible] Dracula's hands. Mina remains a vampire at the story's conclusion and Dracula escaping like a kite (which is what the prop was) [illegible] being hoisted like a sail and to [illegible] in the morning sun.

Among the subsequent stage Draculas on Broadway and on the road were Raul Julia, Jean LeClerc, Jeremy Brett, George Chakiris, [illegible] Gavin, Terence Stamp and Martin Landau. Actor Raul Julia [illegible] on bogus stories about [illegible] and Lugosi in his personal interviews when corrected and [illegible] more reliable tales by this [illegible] wrote: "Your letter has [illegible] me a sense of history in the role and has added greatly to my enjoyment in playing it."

Running concurrently [illegible] 1977 Broadway [illegible] Hall's *The* [illegible] delightful outing. Hall [illegible]

The most famous of all the bugeaters, Renfield, was played best (both on the stage and screen) by Dwight Frye.

[illegible]

Nightmare 5

THE UNDEAD VS THE UNBORN!

by David [illegible]

Freddy's still cool, but his latest film reduces him to a supporting role.

"Let me see; how do I croak a teen who wants to be a model who is obsessed with dieting? I've got it!"

"I'll force feed her until she pops!"

[Warning: The following piece analyzes/dissects *Nightmare on Elm Street 5: The Dream Child*. If you haven't seen it, and don't want to know the ending, stop reading now!]

T[illegible] Horror takes you inside a meeting of the high-powered Megabucks Media Creation and Merchandising [illegible] already in progress. Mr. [illegible] speaking.

"[illegible] Freddy's set for late summer [illegible], ready and tiptoeing to [illegible] a bonanza of Elm Street tie-[illegible] that's a nightmare for the competition. It's Deal City, my friends, Deal City. We've got the TV show going into a big second season. A national network of standby operators manning the 1-800 Freddy Fright phone line. Freddy's board game is big, new, and it's exciting. If it happens at night, Freddy's into it, everything from No-Doze to Dr. Denton's...

"Oh, yeah, [illegible] got the movie, too."

Sure, chief, but where's the *fear*?

According to Webster, *fear* is "a painful emotion marked by alarm, dread, disquiet." Get charming, heart-pumping, cotton-mouthed fear, the kind that makes you look over your shoulder to make sure nobody's following you home after the movie. You remember *fear*, don't you? *Nightmare on Elm Street 5: Dream Child* doesn't!

Like so much product in this post-literate era, it's good-looking but air-headed. Oh, sure, there's a few nice bits, some flashes of wit and style, glimmers of what might have been: Bob Englund's cameos in the asylum and at Greta's dinner party. Freddy [illegible] pick-up truck with the [illegible] Mothers Against Drunk Driving's worst nightmare made flesh. The demise of Mark, comic books fanboy, mixing animation and live action in a way undreamed of by Roger Rabbit. Super-Freddy: "Faster than a bastard maniac!"—good line.

What of it? The TV show has lots of nice bits in it, and it's [illegible] too.

Nightmare 5 went through six d[illegible] five writers, but even so, *[illegible] Dream Child* is stillborn [illegible] here [illegible] a [illegible] that [illegible] ol[illegible] prop[illegible] screen[illegible] with [illegible] blade[illegible] scripts are [illegible]ioned, usually because [illegible] money boys [illegible] a wee bit unsure [illegible] (not this time out[illegible]

They (and we) [illegible] where Freddy's back [illegible] who whipped him [illegible] *The Dream Master* [illegible] strikes while she [illegible]? Because she's pr[illegible] boyfriend Dan's ba[illegible] doesn't know it yet. [illegible] fetus provides Freddy's [illegible] into our world, allowin[illegible] off Dan and two of [illegible]

[illegible] Club." E[illegible] own slasher film play. "That old wheeze," as Bud Abbott would say, the one where the potential victims are so [illegible], so [illegible] you root [illegible] them up.

Alice and her crowd are pretty mature teens. They look like they've [illegible] high school longer than [illegible] and [illegible] finally got to graduate in *Nightmare 5*, [illegible] Director Stephen Hopkins [illegible] Dan's baby. If the [illegible], no movie. Plus, mother love is good box office.

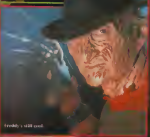
Wanna go cruisin' with the Fungy?

"Poor baby, there, there, cough it up."

All photos: [illegible]

In one of the best effects from *Nightmare 4*, Freddy's inner turmoil manifests itself.

"Is it me, or is this yummy?"



Freddy's still cool.

[illegible]g "Aliens" [illegible] ave [illegible] if the monsters had chomped Newt and Hicks, too.)

We witness Freddy's birth. Sub[illegible] Freddy [illegible] one of "Easy [illegible] and Alive" editors. Maybe [illegible] he gets minimal screen [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] look [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] and even more like [illegible] from that [illegible] commercial-[illegible] from [illegible] waves a few years back. No cause for complaint here.

[illegible] time when [illegible] appears in Alice's dreams as [illegible] little Jacob, a [illegible] [illegible] who [illegible], whines [illegible] trips, Freddy's been pumping [illegible] into the kiddie, pre[illegible] for possession so he, Fredd[illegible] [illegible] back into this world. Call [illegible] "[illegible] Nightmare [illegible] Street."

[illegible] up some interesting [illegible] never dealt with in [illegible] though. [illegible] did [illegible] Jacob have [illegible] of a five-year-old [illegible] of a fetus? So he could [illegible] lines of dialogue? Well, [illegible]ly... Was his intelligence [illegible]ally boosted by Freddy's [illegible] If not, what caused it?

The big question: [illegible] a mother ever know a moment's peace raising a child whose mind has been subjected to Freddy's tampering? Irresistible programming might be buried in Jacob's sub-conscious, silently ticking away, waiting for the stimulus that will trigger Freddy's post-hypnotically induced vengeance in the future. Does Alice dare give birth to such a child, for fear of loosing a new kind of horror on the world?

Alice pulls a Ripley [illegible] battling Freddy for the kid's soul through [illegible] [illegible] worlds [illegible] Line didn't [illegible] the bu[illegible] Must be the [illegible] *Nightmare* yet. [illegible]

Even after four sequels, Freddy can still be a pain in the neck!

A[illegible] and [illegible] heroes [illegible] pretty mature [illegible] they look [illegible] they're [illegible] school [illegible] Archie [illegible]

Craven's original *Nightmare*) cost the least to make but was the best of the bunch.)

Super elaborate sets: biomorphic caverns, gothic upholstered wombs, a diving board changing into a giant tongue to lap up the diver, etc. The longest end title credit goes to the film's carpenters and assistant carpenters. It goes on *forever*. They must have one helluva union.

Swirling smoke and fog, dancing colored lights, walls of noise—there's an eerie sense of deja vu here. You've seen it all before, but where? In other "Nightmare" movies, sure, but somewhere else too. Where? Why, on a zillion MTV music videos, of course.

And that ending—!!! It proves that for Freddy "there is such a thing as a fate worse than death." He suffers the ultimate indignity, namely, getting his butt kicked by a five-year-old whiz kid in a battle of the light shows. When Universal's

[illegible] Dracula [illegible] the Wolfman [illegible] Mummy [illegible] What's [illegible] on Elm Street.

The big [illegible] between [illegible]

[illegible]

> **Alice's unborn child looks the cigarette-puffing fetus in that bizarre anti-smoking commercial banned from the airwaves a few years back.**

[illegible] that pocket [illegible] and seemingly normal baby Jacob [illegible] together [illegible] cut by the [illegible]

Freddy feels like he just lost his virginity all over again!

kiddie chorus chirping "One, two Freddy's coming for you..." with its grim promise of another sequel.

What worries me is the kid. Now he seems to be an ordinary baby. "Seems" — there's the rub. Since when are things or people on Elm Street what they seem to be? What happened to the dream Jacob with the mind of a five-year-old? Did his IQ drop when he was purged of Freddy's taint? Does Kruegerlite brain tampering make brighter babies? Or is baby Jacob faking it, hiding undiminished eternal powers in the body of an infant?

As the credits rolled and the house lights came up, the guy sitting behind me said to his buddy, "We should've seen *Batman* again instead of this this bull—"

Seventies shock shows featured merciless malignity and mayhem: Michael Myers, Jason, legions of slashers and psychos and psycho slashers and the rest of the onslaught. Freddy first burst on the scene with such impact in large part because of his zesty fiendishness. These days he's reduced to a sideshow stage manager setting up ghoulish set pieces and special effects gags.

Nightmare 4/Dream Master's director is quoted as saying, "The audience sees Freddy as the hero. They come to these movies to hear his funny lines and see him do these amazing things." He could just as well be describing Roger Moore's [illegible] Bond, Eddie Murphy's *Beverly* [illegible] or any Jerry Lewis flick.

[illegible] an epitaph for Freddy. He's [illegible] original, a classic character. He's [illegible] in the American collective [illegible] and is spreading fast [illegible] the world over. Nothing can [illegible] even a bad movie.

[illegible] but you can't expect [illegible] *Elm Street 5* not to take place [illegible] something like *The Dream Child*. It's only natural [illegible] when everything else [illegible] connected with the [illegible] been exhaustively [illegible] Freddy *Nightmare* [illegible] complete with four [illegible] pin-up rare photos [illegible] will be a [illegible] collector's item [illegible] available from the publisher [illegible]

All we [illegible] around the [illegible] laughs [illegible] was [illegible] Elm Street.

The man who DIDN'T kill Nancy Spungen!

EVERYBODY KNOWS

Deborah Spungen's book *And I Don't Want To Live This Life* was pretty ill: a rewrite of Kafka's *Metamorphosis* by the bug's Mom. I came away from it with the impression that Ma Spungen's major reaction to the death of her daughter Sex Pistols moll Nancy Spungen was a feeling of relief—she insists throughout the book that her daughter was a sociopathic brain damaged monster despite the lack of medical evidence to back this up. Particularly ghoulish was the Spungen family all smiles in a photo taken after Nancy's death included to show how peace reigns in the family once the monster is dead. Happy ending.

I was chatting about this stuff with J.K., a friend of mine, a few weeks ago.

"You know, he didn't do it," he said.

"What do you mean?"

"Sid Vicious didn't kill Nancy."

"What are you talking about?"

"Everybody knows," he said. "That Neon Leon killed Nancy. He was there, he was the last one to see her alive. Sid was too stoned out to have done it. Everybody knows."

A few things about J.K.: he's well connected in the music business, he started as a deejay 12 years ago, and he's worked as a musician, a publicist and record producer. He has a glamorous underpaid position with a college radio record pool. At first I tried to argue Sid's guilt (something that Deborah Spungen has accepted as fact), but my arguments wilted as he repeated once more that single proof: "everybody knows."

Neon Leon, on stage 1989

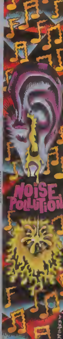
photo by Eileen Polk

So, for a while I considered myself educated in the matter of the "truth" about the murder of Nancy Spungen.

Three weeks later I was in a bar on lower Sixth Avenue in Manhattan when a tall, lean, long haired black man entered: he had a chiselled masculinity about his face and he was well-dressed in rock & roll style. The few women in the place were quite attentive, and he seemed to know most of them.

He began talking to the bartender about how much New York had changed, he'd been away for awhile. Since this is among my favorite topics, I joined the conversation. The bartender left to tend business, and then we were talking to each other. After a few more minutes of chat we exchanged names. His was Neon Leon.

I knew I'd heard the name before, but I didn't immediately connect. He was speaking about his music career in Sweden, where he'd been for the last several years: apparently he'd done very well there, and was preparing to break into the business in the U.S. But I only half-heard his words, because I'd scanned my memory and came up with that conversation I'd had with J.K. and realized that the man I was talking with was the ma



The movie version (as opposed to the real life version) of *Sid and Nancy* ticked off New Yorkers the same way *Wired* annoyed Belushi's buddies

that everybody knows killed Nancy Spungen

At first I was a little thrilled by the situation talking to a "killer" but there was no way—*absolutely* no way—that I could imagine this pleasant stranger fatally stabbing anyone even less somebody as pitiful as Nancy Spungen. We continued to chat, but the obvious questions kept surfacing in my thoughts. Finally I brought it out.

"Look I've gotta be straight with you," I said. "I've heard some really weird stuff about you."

"What kinda stuff?" he asked. I was looking for a sign of tension in his voice contraction in his body, some sense of being "found out" in him. There was none.

"About you and Sid and Nancy," I said.

"That's what I thought. Yeah it's hard for anyone who knew Sid to believe that he did it. I have my own doubts about it but the rumors about me were being passed by people who didn't know me, either. Just knew that I was *there*. Lester Bangs was one."

Later Joe Coleman who was on the same scene ten years ago as part of the band Steel Tips, confirmed my doubts about what "everybody knows." If anybody could spot a killer it would be Joe. "Yeah I remember Leon," he said laughing at the idea that he'd killed anyone. "It's a ridiculous rumor but it might turn out to be fortunate for him. That kind of thing gets you attention."

So there it is. A beloved but dead rock critic by reputation an abuser of many things but most of all of himself, a literary influence well beyond the scope of rock critic-dom (certainly his ghost is moving in these words, reaching from beyond the grave to linger on an innocent man because he was in the wrong place also perhaps because he's black and maybe even because women find him attractive and Bangs always seemed to feel inadequate.

A few weeks after writing the above I saw Leon and his band The Wild Ones play; their show turned a 42nd Street tourist trap into a piece of rock & roll heaven for an insane two-hour set taking hard rock across the musical map and making some very nice turns into straight ahead blues and convincing rub-a dub. Nothing but pos v'bes, not exactly TOXIC but then I never heard anybody else dig up Muddy Waters' Champagne and Reefer. Toward the end Leon crammed the stage with musical buddies until the boards started to creek—I counted sixteen people caterwauling up there and it *felt good!*

—*Uncle Bob*

POWER METAL FROM GIANT

You've got to give the band Giant a lot of credit for common sense. They couldn't get the ballsy sound they were looking for in laid back L.A. so they high tailed it out of there split for England and got a producer who knew what he was doing (Terry Thomas who has produced among others Bad Company).

The band (Dan Huff on lead vocals and guitars, Alan Pasqua on keyboards, David Huff on drums and Mike Brignardello on bass) has a new album out (*Last of the Runaways* (A&M Records)) and it's killer. Obviously the fellas got what they were looking for.

In a metal world where most bands still cop from Eddie Van Halen, Giant is more heavily influenced by the heavy organ vibe of Deep Purple and Steppenwolf. They play power metal not flash metal. The guitars seem equally proficient at head banging power and heart breaking melody. Give this one a spin.

Giant (A&M Records) had to get out of L.A before they could *really* kick ass (from left to right) Alan Pasqua, Dann Huff, Mike Brignardello, David Huff

THE BOOGER MAN

His unnatural hunger drove him to kill!

by [illegible]

Illustrations by: Peter Bernard

Part 2

A Nose For Trouble

This is Neal's story. Neal is a young man whose problems include severe headaches, disturbing dreams, a highly developed sense of smell and occasional black outs accompanied by uncontrollable outbursts of violent behavior. Neal's closest friend is Jerry, a talking animal of mixed species that lives in his head. Last issue Neal, apparently in flight from the scene of previous crimes, bit off the nose of a kindly old train conductor in New Jersey and escaped the authorities by swimming to Manhattan.

All over wet and slipping, slipping down. I grab at the nearest thing in the darkness. It feels like a [illegible] but then there's a sudden light [illegible] the opening. It's not [illegible] in my hand but something [illegible] and yellow where glowing [illegible] the mouth. Then [illegible] rows of these shiny white stumps [illegible] ridge that [illegible] me and [illegible]. I [illegible] prove [illegible] a stinking wave. [illegible] being swallowed [illegible] a giant mouth swallowing me. I [illegible] a ring of muscle tightening, pulling at my legs, but I tighten my grip, hold on for my very life, but then there's a stabbing pain in my side. I lose my grip and start slipping. I [illegible]

Then another sting, and a shout [illegible] and I look at the bee. It's got a [illegible] little head and Jerry's face. I think, why? and it settles atop a giant molar and answers me in a buzzing rhyme:

"[illegible] samples like you
What I am is what I do."

And then [illegible] stings me again, [illegible] bee.

I grab another tooth. There's a powerful pull down while the bee stings and shouts, stings and shouts again "hey [illegible]

I came awake knowing only what I could see in the dim light of early morning—that I was inside a tree a good fifteen feet off the ground and slipping off a branch that was wet with morning moisture, barely keeping a grip on another wet branch above me, and there was somebody underneath me throwing stones and shouting at me.

"Hey, Hey White boy! What you doin' in that goddam tree?"

A lot of things ran through my mind but none had a chance to settle because the branch had cracked and I was falling.

Strong arms whipped around my waist breaking my fall. I was face to face with my rescuer (though it was also he who, throwing stones, had caused my fall). But all I saw was a map of Africa.

The landmass was green, rivers ran red across it, mountain ranges were indicated with ridges of yellow. Then I saw that this map was drawn on skin and there was a brown eye peering at me where Ghana was supposed to be and another in the middle of Ethiopia. Namibia, Botswana and Zimbabwe were sliced by a mouth. Zaire, which is really mostly flatland, was dominated by a central peak, a peak above two nostrils: my rescuer's nose.

I didn't know whether to yell at him for knocking me out of the tree, or thank him for saving me from a broken ankle. So I said the first thing that came to mind.

"How come you got that map of Africa drawn on your face? You're as white as me!"

"I asked you a question first, white boy, what the hell were you doin' in that goddam tree?" Angola and Zambia curled over his lip as he spoke.

"It's a public park, isn't it?"

"Yeh and this is my private face. I don't haveta tell you nothin' about it."

"I don't haveta tell you nothin' either. Let me go; your breath smells."

He let go again. I was falling. I hadn't realized how tall he was.

Sprawled on the wet ground, I got my first good look at him. He was wearing a rust brown robe of homespun material and an embroidered pillbox hat. And he looked to be about seven feet, though from this vantage point I couldn't be sure.

"Hey, you're a giant," I told him. "How tall are you?"

"It's my private height too. You still ain't answered my question."

I stood up, straightened my [illegible] still [illegible] light.

"[illegible] [illegible] the [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] That's [illegible]

Sir [illegible] [illegible] ain't no [illegible] [illegible] That's [illegible]

"I didn't [illegible] until [illegible] me white [illegible]. I got a [illegible] Neal. [illegible] white [illegible] self."

His [illegible] [illegible] with [illegible] Algeria, Libya, Egypt [illegible] ain't no white boy [illegible] ever—[illegible] talkin' from the [illegible] body if you're [illegible] Cherokee, part French, part Spanish, part Irish [illegible] last part [illegible] the law [illegible] have Africa [illegible] you and [illegible] when you [illegible] where I'm at. [illegible]

"Well, maybe [illegible] mighty white to me."

"Don't you mind that. It's [illegible] of genetics, genetics can [illegible] like that."

I didn't believe [illegible] and you wouldn't either, [illegible] sion could be that light, but [illegible] straight and [illegible] But I couldn't see [illegible] in arguing.

"Well, thanks for waking me up," [illegible] my shoulder as I turn[illegible] to leave.

"Hey, wait a minute white—*Neal!* Wait a minute, Neal."

"What is it?"

"I didn't get you outta that tree for [illegible]. I thought maybe sleepin' in a [illegible] you might be interested in [illegible] some money."

I had $78 left from my last pay [illegible] at the Philly Dawg. I knew I could use some cash—but I wasn't [illegible] either. Not yet.

"[illegible] what do I do to get this money?"

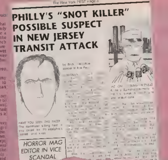
"[illegible] work for the church."

"[illegible] church. The New Church [illegible] Light. But that [illegible] it's easy work for [illegible] and ya get to work out[illegible] open air."

"[illegible] givin' out pamphlets. I'm [illegible] people."

"[illegible] don't haveta deal with no [illegible] in fact the less people you [illegible] better. C'mon, I'll show you."

[illegible] like he was walking [illegible] I had to half-run to keep up [illegible] long-legged stride as he [illegible] out of the park. In another



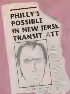
The New York PEST Page 3

PHILLY'S "SNOT KILLER" POSSIBLE SUSPECT IN NEW JERSEY TRANSIT ATTACK

by Brick [illegible]
special to the Pest

HAVE YOU SEEN THIS FACE? The commuter sitting next to you could be Philadelphia's feared Snot Killer

HORROR MAG EDITOR IN VICE SCANDAL



PHILLY'S
POSSIBLE
IN NEW JERSE
TRANSIT ATT

[illegible] the wood [illegible] the sa[illegible]

SHAME

He looked at his work, smiled and said, "See? That's fifty cents made already."

"This is crazy."

"Yeah," I [illegible]. "I'll give you this." He dug around in his pocket, pulled out two quarters and handed them to me.

I stood there holding the money in my hand.

"Hey, move. You can get busted for this, y'know." He landed a soft punch on my shoulder and vaulted down the stairs. Back on the side walk he pulled a fat [illegible] bills from his pocket.

"Work fast and you can do a lot of buildings in one day."

I just stared at him.

T KILL
PECT
Y
ACK

[illegible] the word. [illegible] Go[illegible] knife [illegible] the [illegible] even [illegible] prize [illegible] this [illegible] sorry— [illegible] extra

and [illegible] there [illegible] del[illegible] the p[illegible] more, since didn't [illegible] minute to carve th[illegible] building.

Reddy [illegible] side of the street even [illegible] was just a splotch of color [illegible] away. After the first dozen [illegible] didn't feel quite [illegible] stupid and [illegible] a while when the first few humans appeared on the street to walk their dogs or head out on their own workdays I started to enjoy the hide-and-seek aspect of it, even though it slowed me down by about half. After an hour I'd made my twenty and another fifteen besides, when the [illegible] the same stark scandal [illegible] was a smaller one up top

PHILLY SHOT KILLER IN NY?
Story Page 3

Reddy B's lecture became background noise, but I pretended to listen while reaching for the other paper. Finding page 3, I glanced down, closed it again. It wouldn't do any good to read it. I had a pretty good idea of what it had to say. There was a picture of the train conductor with a bandage where his nose used to be, and another picture, a drawing. A drawing that looked a lot like me.

Reddy B was studying me. Had he seen the picture?

"Yeah," he said. "I figure you to be a corpse-eater, all right. First thing you got to do is cut out red meat, that stuff'll kill you. There's hope for you yet, my man."

Right then I didn't think so. My head was starting to hurt.

TO BE CONTINUED

Mail Culture: CHILDREN of the APOCALYPSE?

by ROBERT MARTIN

Art by Don [illegible]

On June [illegible] this year *The Wall Street Journal* reported that 70% of Americans [illegible] have [illegible] disposable income. That meant that [illegible] 2/3 of the [illegible] in this country after [illegible] and taxes are covered [illegible] the remaining funds.

So no matter how [illegible] the economy may be [illegible] tough time to be selling such unnecessary items as magazines. [illegible] doing [illegible] [illegible] and it [illegible] the [illegible] that can afford [illegible] work [illegible] Then [illegible] [illegible] possessed. They are the [illegible] publishers of self-published [illegible] [illegible] and like [illegible] [illegible]

Self-publishing is generally considered [illegible] than by the [illegible] talented [illegible] [illegible] works before [illegible] public. [illegible] that is what's going [illegible] self-publication [illegible] [illegible] a singularly [illegible] without the [illegible] established publisher [illegible] mass [illegible] the current day of media monopoly and mass market consciousness—not to mention a renewed restraint in matters of sex, politics and religion—self publication is more likely to be a banner of freedom than a sign of incompetence

For the public that discovers and supports such publications, the mailbox becomes a door to another world a world not even hinted at by the dozens of copycat magazines available at the national newsstand For some, this becomes a door of entry the self publishing bug often works like a virus, where one 'zine if sufficiently inspired can spawn a dozen or more sister publications among its readership

Today's greatest single influence on non-film self pubs initially came from the direction of Dallas Texas and the writings of a former horror fanzine writer/publisher who according to his own account died at his own hands only to be resurrected as Reverend Ivan Stang Stang as spokesman for the Church of the SubGenius is the chief architect of *The Stark Fist of Removal* a magazine marked by inextricably woven threads of weirdness and sanity that render it indescribable While "badfilm" is regarded as sacred by the followers of Dobbs the sporadically published *Fist* has very little to do with film nevertheless Stang's influence on many of those who publish horror zines has been subtle insidious and has contributed greatly to the benefit of humankind For more info send a buck and a S A S E to The Church Of The SubGenius PO Box 140306 Dallas TX 75214

More recently the world of self pubs has come more and more to spin on a single axis the zine of zines *Factsheet Five* The name itself is deceptive—though it was a sheet at the start the latest edition of *F 5* runs to 112 pages and contains capsule reviews of (by my estimate) close to a thousand cottage industry publishers

The following section is not truly representative of mail culture's full scope We've totally ignored the many (*too* many) fine self-pubs that focus solely on music and/or politics But we have included most of those that we consider to be uniquely fixin The next time you're considering going to a movie that you know is no damn good consider supporting one of these fine publications instead

FACTSHEET FIVE 6 Arizona Ave Rensselaer NY 12144-4502 Standard magazine size first published May 1982, $2 sample one year sub (six issues) for $11

"I'd rather work 60 hours a week for me than 20 for someone else" says Mike Gunderloy a brief look at *F5* will convince you that Gunderloy is underestimating his hours The thirtieth issue is over a hundred pages thick and crammed with small type capsule reviews (listings are not repeated—new reviews are written for each issue received) Not just independent publications are covered. *F5* offers the same capsule treatment to independent audio (tapes and records) books and a small (but rapidly growing) section on independent experimental video Poetry and "experimental periodicals" are covered in separate sections thus shielding idiots like myself from material that might be incomprehensible and/or boring while the front pages boasts sections on mail art T shirts role playing games and computer software The 24-hour *F5* bulletin board (518 479-3879) is an easy way for computer owners to "talk back to Mike and electronic versions of several zines can be downloaded for the price of a call

According to Gunderloy *Factsheet* started because "I found that I kept mentioning the same things in letters to various friends telling them about stuff like *Inside Joke* or the Church of the SubGenius—so I started F5 as a way to mass produce these tidbits of news It mushroomed far beyond my expectations

Neither love nor money could cause anyone to work as hard as Gunderloy does It seems more to be a matter of faith The small press changes lives" he says I stopped eating meat changed my politics and started listening to indie music because of it The decentralized nature of this stuff means we can't be easily suppressed If we can build some links to the mainstream we can radicalize the world Meanwhile the truth is more likely to be found in the babble of dedicated alternative voices than in the pap dished up on the front pages of the daily paper

On the future "I expect *F5* to grow to a circulation of about 15 000 over the next several years allowing me to launch several other small press projects Meanwhile life will continue to get stranger and the alternative community movements will take over the political sphere"

AAARRGG! K Struck 87 Waldron Glen Rock NJ 07452 Standard magazine size #1 published in 1984

Art by Bonnie Kosty

Art by Thom Metzger

[illegible] 1986 [illegible] pp until #3 [illegible] Checks [illegible] Struck.

If you're [illegible] panel all [illegible] you've seen Ken Strucks [illegible] strip—probably in *Weirdo* though [illegible] loveable [illegible] has popped up in other [illegible] rags like *[illegible] Imbalance* and the [illegible] Despite Tootle's state of [illegible] the fact is that Struck [illegible] to sustain a narrative well [illegible] than three panels and *does* deliver [illegible] of laffs when he does [illegible] started as a showcase for Struck's rejected strips about [illegible] #3's 34 pages features [illegible] other worthy artists (maybe you already know Mary Fleener and Bob Supina) *everyone* here is worth [illegible]. One thread that ties [illegible] content together is this [illegible] I would Struck's work in particular [illegible] his characters [illegible] thus encouraging us to laff at our own [illegible] predicament.

THE ORIGINAL DONNA KOSSY'S KOOKS MAGAZINE Donna Kossy, P.O. Box 953, Allston, MA 02134. Standard size, first published June 1988. Kossy's previous publication *False Positive* first appeared in '84. $4 for the current issue (#1), $12/4 issues. Checks payable to Donna Kossy.

There's a guy at the end of the block, [illegible] looking but wild-eyed, you think perhaps you should cross the street but you don't. As you [illegible] he presses a [illegible] into your hand instead of the usual Bible tract; however, [illegible]

[illegible] is faith with the [illegible] thought tele- [illegible] they are [illegible]

[illegible]

with them.

BABY SUE [illegible] GA [illegible] published 1984 [illegible] $8/4 issues [illegible]

[illegible] Baby Sue [illegible] called LMNOP [illegible]

[illegible] anonymous creator, the publication [illegible] in fact that most folks know us for the comic strip rather than the band. The *Baby Sue* magazine is perhaps [illegible] comics featuring Baby Sue and her pals, supplemented by [illegible] stories, twisted poems and, in the latest issue, one audio cassette review (I rave for the Rudy Schwartz Project).

Our anonymous informant continues: "We'll continue putting out Baby Sue books and releasing LMNOP music (the music is currently being released by the French New Rose label). The publication will evolve or regress into whatever mood we happen to be in for that particular issue. I think the single greatest aspect of our work is that it is not edited by anyone and we are able to do WHATEVER WE PLEASE because we don't have to answer to anyone. (I think this is one of the main reasons for the incredible rise in self-publishing lately.)"

ZONTAR The Magazine From Venus, [illegible] Johnson, 19 Dailing St. #2, Roxbury, MA 02120. First published 1980. $5 per issue, $9 for two.

"*Zontar* is extremely [illegible]" says B. Cullan [illegible] conspiracies. [illegible] fanzine but [illegible] tangents—[illegible] surreal [illegible] political [illegible] We [illegible] all stuff that no one else would [illegible] think [illegible]

While *Zontar* resembles the typical fanzine in its [illegible] and [illegible] of the man they call The Master, Larry Buchanan, the [illegible] of [illegible] *Mars Need Women* and [illegible] *The Swamp Creature*, and [illegible] *Zontar, The Thing From Venus*, in a manner reminiscent of [illegible] Stang's [illegible] of the SubGenius, *Zontar* weaves political theories and practical philosophy out of the [illegible] 8 movies. While *Zontar* [illegible] issues have numbered [illegible] pages [illegible] original and "found" art [illegible] *Zontar* [illegible] back [illegible] will find frequent pleasure in [illegible] through it.

BAD SEED P.O. Box 810, Cooper Station, NY 10003. $? per issue. #1 through [illegible] available [illegible]

The official journal of the Stuck-Up Generation, compiled, edited and personally [illegible] by Miriam Linna, gal drummer of the A-Bones, co-editor of Kicks fanzine, [illegible] available from the same [illegible] dress and author of our JD fiction piece on page [illegible] of this very magazine. The content of *Bad Seed* is a good deal less formal than Linna's article; however, it is suffused with an unabashed appreciation of the outlaw teen and his (or her) sadistic practices as an expression of teen alienation. It's an approach that many might find objectionable, but is definitely a lot more fun. *Bad Seed* is [illegible] profusely illustrated with paperback jackets as seen in this issue, [illegible] photocopy effect makes 'em look even trashier! While you're [illegible] inquire about Jim [illegible] [illegible] of delinquent music and teen exploitation movie ads that make a perfect soundtrack for hunkering down with *BS*.

As Linna explains it, "I've always had a fixation with [illegible] teen [illegible] particular—mainly because I dig the whole teen explosion that happened after WWII, [illegible] rock & roll and [illegible] that latched onto it, which [illegible] happened in publishing [illegible] mid-sixties [illegible] pales compared to the [illegible] that happened earlier."

To Linna and her [illegible] collaborator Billy Miller, this stuff [illegible]. It's what's [illegible] right now [illegible] attitude [illegible] used to get [illegible].

MURDER CAN BE FUN John Marr, PO Box 640111, San Francisco CA 94164. Digest sized, first published in 1986. $[illegible] [illegible] issue #[illegible] [illegible] John Marr [illegible] back issue prices.

Despite th[illegible] Marr doesn't [illegible] whose [illegible] serves up the [illegible] he does bright[illegible] [illegible] zine [illegible] most issues spotlight [illegible] Heartless serial killer [illegible] his mention [illegible] was marvelous pathos [illegible] current issue is highlighted by [illegible] fine treatment of [illegible] fatal struggle with [illegible] visit to television [illegible] Angeles (HANDS on the television screen and PRAY with me!) [illegible] a performance by a professional [illegible] He always delivers excellent capsule reviews of true crime books, the gamut [illegible] novels, and whatever else strikes his fancy.

As [illegible] *MCBF* started publishing [illegible] I couldn't find any [illegible] about the things I was [illegible] there are tons of zines that cover movies and comics in this vein, but hardly any that talk about books or the actual events themselves. The product, I feel, of a generation that has grown up without ever seeing the inside of two of my favorite places—libraries and used bookstores.

The mass murderer articles generate the most comment from my readers. Everyone appreciates an impressive pile of bodies, I guess. Unfortunately this also attracts a very vocal minority of illiterate teenage fans of gore, gore and more gore. And if it's not blood, it's Manson & Gein they're pestering me about—yawn.

I will continue *MCBF* as long as I can sit in front of a typewriter, at least another 40 years! But the [illegible] will decrease. I've been doing [illegible] freelance writing lately on top of *MCBF* & the [illegible] girlfriend's [illegible] been screaming [illegible] workaholic. Only time will tell.

The next time you consider going to a movie you know is no damn good, try supporting one of these fine publications instead.

Art by Thom Metzger

LIFE IS A JOKE Joe Franke, 2288 Hawk, Simi Valley CA 93065. $1 for the current issue (#5), $5/6 issue sub.

If Joe Franke's ability to draw catches up with his sense of humor, he'll be dangerous. Meanwhile *Life Is a Joke* seems like a good place to watch a talent grow. If you like your humor bitter and biting you'll find that a dollar per issue comes out to about a nickel per gag—a cheap price for a good cynical laugh. END

ERRATUM

On page 42 of TOXIC HORROR #1 the photo erroneously captioned as being of Terry Susan Smith is actually Patty Mullen who plays the title role in *Frankenhooker*. We apologize for the error. The photos from the film were supplied by SGE.

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